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LIBRARY NOTES AND NEWS

IN MEMORIAM.

IT is with profound regret that we have to record the death of Sir George Watson Macalpine, J.P., LL.D., in the seventy-first year of his age, which took place at his residence "Broad Oak," Accrington, on Sunday, the 18th of April.

SIR
GEORGE
WATSON
MACAL-
PINE, J.P.,
LL.D.

Sir George Macalpine had been associated with the Library for nearly twenty years, first as a Representative Governor appointed in 1901 by the Lancashire and Cheshire Association of Baptist Churches, since 1912 as one of the Trustees, and since 1915 as Chairman of the Council. Throughout these years, and until within a few months of his death, he had served the institution with conspicuous ability and untiring devotion.

To those who enjoyed the privilege of Sir George's friendship, his death is deeply felt. For many months he lived in almost complete retirement, sheltered by the loving care of Lady Macalpine, his daughter, and his four sons. His life was full of beauty, of power, and of achievement, and those who were accustomed to look to him for guidance and encouragement do not yet realise the loss they have sustained, through the absence of that inspiration and sympathy upon which they could always count.

Sir George was the son of a Baptist minister, and had his religious beginning among the Scotch Baptists, whose strength of conviction, habits of piety, love of the Bible and of the Church, left their mark upon his character and life. As the years went by his sympathies broadened, and his active interest in the cause of foreign missions—the religious enterprise into which he threw his energies most abundantly—brought him into close touch with other churches, but he always spoke of those early years with profound reverence.

He was a student widely read and deeply versed in theological teaching, a business man of keen penetration, very wide experience, and unfailing courtesy, with a genius for friendship—qualities which enabled him to wield that subtle and powerful influence which was such a characteristic feature of his public life and work. His sympathies were so large as to embrace the work of the Baptist Union, the Baptist Missionary Society, the Baptist World Alliance, the recent movement towards Christian Union, that missionary co-operation which found its expression in the Edinburgh Conference, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the John Rylands Library, to mention only the most important of the institutions and causes in which he took so active an interest.

In addition to these wider interests Sir George was a tower of strength to the Baptist Church at Accrington, with which for so many years he identified himself. For upwards of forty years he was the beloved leader of large morning and afternoon Bible-classes, in preparation for which he gave many hours of study every week. The Baptist denomination delighted to do him honour: he was the Chairman of the Baptist Missionary Society, was twice elected Moderator of the Lancashire and Cheshire Association of Baptist Churches, and was called to the Presidential Chair of the Baptist Union in 1910, the year in which he received his knighthood. By his death the Baptist Church loses one of its most distinguished laymen, and the missionary cause a statesman of real distinction.

It is impossible to give any adequate idea of the value of Sir George's services to the missionary enterprise of the Baptist Church, but he was for many years the guiding spirit in its councils, and the missionaries in the field could not have desired a better friend and advocate. His interest was inexhaustible as long as health enabled him to continue these activities. He also commended the enterprise to the world by his own unfaltering confidence and enthusiasm, and his evident sense of the privilege of being one of its leaders at home.

In 1911 he went to India, in company with Miss Macalpine, to see the work at close quarters, a visit which is remembered with gratitude, not only by the Indian Staff, but also by the Indian Christians connected with the mission. He also attended the Philadelphia Congress in the same year, and made a profound impression on the representatives present.

The Bible Society had a warm supporter in Sir George, and his Biblical scholarship was shown in the *Harmony of the Gospels*, one of the results of his work of preparation for the members of his Bible-classes, which he published in 1905, under the title: "The Days of the Son of Man".

In 1907, as Moderator of the Lancashire and Cheshire Association of Baptist Churches, he delivered a memorable address on "The Arrested Progress of the Church," and in 1910, from the Chair of the Baptist Union, he delivered two addresses on Ministry: (1) "The Ministry of the Church to the Church," and (2) "The Ministry of the Church to the World," which made a deep and lasting impression, not only upon his hearers, but upon all into whose hands the addresses in their printed form fell. Also, in 1910, he gave abundant evidence of his knowledge of, and interest in the classics, by editing in collaboration with John Green Skemp: "Interpretations of Horace," by the late William Medley, a volume which abounds with annotations from his pen, revealing great critical insight and knowledge of the subject.

Indeed, Sir George was a man of very varied gifts, who gave himself and his means to public service with a single eye to the public good. He never sought honour for himself, but in any company his great and shining qualities inevitably gave him the position of leader.

The Governors of the Library, and the writer mourn his loss, not only as a colleague and counsellor of outstanding administrative ability, who had rendered to the Library very conspicuous service, and whose wise counsel and kindly spirit will be greatly missed, but also as one, who by his qualities of heart, had won their highest personal esteem and affection.

By the death of Mr. William Carnelley, which took place in October last, at the advanced age of ninety-eight years, the Library loses the senior member of its governing body. Mr. Carnelley was one of the original members of the Board of Trustees, and one of the first Governors of the Library, having been appointed to those offices by Mr. Rylands, to whom he had rendered most valuable assistance in connection with the organisation of the institution, from the time of its inception, and in the erection of the buildings. He also occupied the position of Vice-Chairman of the Council for a period of fifteen years, although, owing to the failure of

WILLIAM
CARNEL-
LEY.

his strength, he had not often been seen at the meetings of the Council during recent years.

The Library has sustained still another serious loss through the death of the Right Hon. Lord Cozens-Hardy of Letheringsett, P.C., who was also one of the original members of the Board of Trustees, appointed by the Founder of the Trust, in which he took a great interest.

LORD
COZENS-
HARDY.

Lord Cozens-Hardy was a staunch Liberal, Gladstonian, and Nonconformist. He sat in Parliament for North Norfolk, from 1886 until his appointment as Judge of the High Court in 1899. In 1907 he was made Master of the Rolls. In 1914 he was raised to the Peerage, and in 1918 he resigned the Mastership of the Rolls. He was a faithful adherent of the Congregational Church, and his daughter married the late Rev. C. Silvester Horne, who was also an honoured Trustee of the Library.

Sir Henry Miers, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.R.S., the Vice-Chancellor of Manchester University, has been appointed, by the Governors, Chairman of the Council, in succession to the late Sir George Macalpine; and Professor A. S. Peake, M.A., D.D., has been elected Vice-Chairman. Mr. J. W. Marsden, J.P., of Blackburn, has been appointed a Representative Governor, by the Lancashire and Cheshire Association of Baptist Churches, in succession to the late Sir George Macalpine.

CHANGES
IN THE
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CIL OF THE
LIBRARY.

Three of the Governors of the Library have received well merited distinctions during the last few months, and we take this opportunity of offering to them our warmest congratulations. Professor A. S. Peake, M.A. (Oxon.), D.D. (Aberdeen), has had the Degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon him, by his "Alma Mater," the University of Oxford; The Rev. J. H. Roberts, M.A., B.D., who succeeded the Rev. Dr. Alexander Maclaren in the pastorate of Union Chapel, Manchester, has had the Degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon him by the University of St. Andrews; and the Rev. George Jackson, B.A., of Didsbury College, has had the Degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon him by the University of Aberdeen.

The present year will mark an epoch in the history of the Library, for it was on the 6th of October, 1899, that it was formally dedicated

to public use. It is true that it was not found possible to admit readers or the public until the 1st of January following, yet the formal inauguration of the institution took place on the date mentioned, and during the twenty-one years that have since elapsed, there has been a steady progression both in efficiency and influence.

It is to be regretted that Mrs. Rylands did not live to see the present fruition of her scheme, which was to dedicate to the memory of her late husband, John Rylands, an institution devoted to the encouragement of learning, placed in the very heart of the city which had been the scene of his varied activities and triumphs.

The stock of books with which the Library opened, numbering about 70,000 volumes, has now grown to upwards of a quarter of a million, not the least important feature of which are the 10,000 manuscripts which have been added from time to time to the original stock.

Not only in numbers has the collection grown, but also in importance, for by the acquisition of many noteworthy collections, including the Crawford Manuscripts, there have been added to its shelves many world-famed literary treasures, which have been instrumental in attracting to the Library scholars from all parts of the world.

In the first year of the Library's activity readers were comparatively few in number, although the public took advantage of the opportunities afforded them on the open afternoons and evenings, by coming in crowds to inspect the building, and the exhibition which had been arranged specially for their benefit, with the object of revealing to them something of the scope and richness of the collection.

To-day, during term time especially, it is difficult to find a vacant seat in the building, and the most gratifying feature of the development is that the readers, almost without exception, are engaged on some special piece of original research.

The development of the resources of the Library is being continued along lines which hitherto have been productive of such excellent results, and in this respect we should like to renew our acknowledgments of the valuable assistance which we have received from readers, who often in the course of their investigations have been able to call attention to the Library's lack of important authorities in their special line of research.

THE LIB-
RARY AT-
TAINS ITS
MAJORITY.

A YEAR'S
ACCES-
SIONS,

We welcome these helpful suggestions, which will always receive prompt and sympathetic attention.

The additions to the Library during the past year, by purchase and by gift, number 6985 volumes, of which 3532 were acquired by purchase, and 3453 by gift.

The acquisitions by purchase include a number of rare and interesting items, which add to the strength of several departments in which the Library is already admittedly rich, amongst which the following manuscripts may be mentioned : An interesting collection of briefs, patents, wills, marriage contracts, deeds of gift, and other documents relating to the Medici family, from the Medici archives ; a number of charters and court rolls, including a large collection of court and manor rolls, and other documents relating to, and comprising practically the history of the Manor of West Horsley ; the original collections of Sir John and Sir Henry Savile for the " History of Yorkshire," in two large folio volumes ; a wardrobe book of Edward II ; a treasury account book of Charles VI of France ; a fifteenth century illuminated chronicle in roll form ; a fourteenth century chronicle of the Dukes of Normandy and Kings of England ; two fifteenth century manuscripts of Richard Rolle of Hampole ; a small fifteenth century manuscript of the Latin Vulgate Bible on uterine vellum ; a palimpsest of an Icelandic manuscript of Laws promulgated in Iceland from 1281 to 1541 ; and a considerable collection of manuscript and printed material relating to Warren Hastings, and the East India Company, to mention only a few of the principal items, to serve as an indication of the character of the accessions which are constantly being made.

The list of donors, which contains 114 names, furnishes fresh proof of the sustained practical interest which is evinced on all sides in the work of the institution. Two gifts call for special mention. The first is a collection of 600 Sumerian Tablets, probably from Umma, presented by Mrs. Bedale in memory of her late husband, the Rev. C. L. Bedale, whose death, which occurred in March, 1919, inflicted such a serious loss on Manchester. Mr. Bedale was a brilliant student of the late Professor Hogg, whom he succeeded as Lecturer in Assyriology at the University of Manchester, and was one of the small and, unfortunately, diminishing group of scholars, who, in recent years, have been seeking to

GIFTS TO
THE LIB-
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stimulate interest in a field of research which hitherto has been somewhat neglected by the universities of this country. The second is a collection of 2122 volumes and pamphlets of propagandist war literature, presented by the Ministry of Information of the British Foreign Office. To students of the next generation this collection, a large section of which consists of pamphlets and broadsides not readily accessible in the regular channels of supply, will furnish valuable material for research in the history of the Great War.

The following is a list of Donors to whom, in the name of the Governors, we desire to renew our grateful thanks for their generous gifts to the Library during the year 1919.

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 Wigan Public Library.

We are glad to be able to announce the publication of the eagerly awaited second volume of the "Odes and Psalms of Solomon," which has been edited for the Governors of the library, by Dr. Rendel Harris and Dr. Alphonse Mingana. This concluding volume consists of a new translation of the "Odes" in English versicles, with brief comments by way of elucidation, an exhaustive introduction dealing with the variations of the fragment in the British Museum, with the original language, the probable epoch of their composition, their unity, the stylistic method of their first writer, the accessory patristic testimonies, a summary of the most important criticisms that have appeared since its first publication in 1909, a complete bibliography of the subject, and a glossary to the text. The price of the volume is one guinea. Of the first volume, which consists of a collotype facsimile of the exact size of the original Syriac manuscript, now in the possession of the John Rylands Library, accompanied by a retranscribed text with an attached critical apparatus, copies may still be obtained at the price of half a guinea from the Manchester University Press, and from Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

THE ODES
 OF SOLO-
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We congratulate Dr. Harris and his co-editor upon the completion

of this monumental piece of work, upon which they have expended so much laborious research during the last three years.

It will interest readers to learn that Sir Henry Mainwaring, Bart., late of Peover Hall, Cheshire, has recently deposited in the Library, on loan for an indefinite period, for the use of students, his interesting collection of manuscripts, which includes many early charters and other material relating to the county of Cheshire. The Mainwaring family had been seated at Peover ever since the Conquest, and had the good fortune to possess state papers, diaries, household books, and literary papers of the seventeenth century, besides a vast quantity of deeds and evidences relating to their lands, which cannot fail to be of interest to students of the history of the period to which they belong. Many of the Peover deeds are of the time of Edward III, or earlier, and about 500 of them are older than the reign of Henry VIII; the earliest are some charters granted in the twelfth century by the Earls of Chester. The collection was briefly described in the Historical MSS. Commission, 10th Report, Appendix, part 4, pp. 199-210, and a temporary manuscript catalogue, prepared by Mr. J. H. Jeayes, in 1895, is deposited in the Library with the collection. For the fuller information of those who may be interested in the subject, we hope to publish in the next issue of the BULLETIN a hand-list of this important collection of documents.

Evidence of the continued interest in the scheme for rendering help to the University of Louvain in the formation of their new library, is to be found in the new list of contributors which is printed elsewhere in the pages of this number. Since the publication of the previous list, which was issued in December last, we have received upwards of 10,000 volumes, and new offers of help are still reaching us almost daily. The total number of volumes which we have actually received and registered, approaches 40,000, and several consignments are in course of transit to us, notably a gift of 1200 volumes from the University of Toronto. We have now very little hesitation in expressing the hope that the British contribution will reach a grand total of at least 50,000 volumes.

The most gratifying feature of the present report is that we are able to announce that already 26,336 volumes of the new Library

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LOUVAIN
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have been transferred to their temporary home in Louvain, where they have been placed upon the shelves prepared for their reception, for the use of the staff and students of the repatriated University.

Several letters of grateful appreciation have been received from the Rector of the University (Monsignor Ladeuze), from Cardinal Mercier, and also from Monsieur Stainier, the Administrateur of the Bibliothèque Royale de Bruxelles, who is responsible for the direction of the reconstruction of the new Library, in which they refer in terms of undisguised delight to the character of the works which we have, with the assistance of many generous collaborators, conspired to get together.

Contributions of books, or of money to meet the contingent expenses, may still be sent to the Librarian of the John Rylands Library, Manchester. In the case of books we would ask prospective donors to be good enough, in the first instance, to submit a list of their proposed gifts, so as to obviate unnecessary duplication.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.¹

By C. H. HERFORD, M.A., Litt.D.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF
MANCHESTER.

MAZZINI, the most prophetic figure of the nineteenth century, declared in a famous passage his confidence in the European mission of his country. "The Third Italy," destined to be born of the long agony of the struggle with Austria without and the papacy within, was not merely to be a nation, restored to unity and independence; it was to intervene as an original voice in the complex harmony of the European nationalities, contributing of its own inborn genius something which no other could contribute. "We believe devoutly that Italy has not exhausted her life in the world. She is called to introduce yet new elements in the progressive development of humanity, and to live with a third life. It is for us to begin it." Were Mazzini to return to life to-day, how far would he regard his prophecy as fulfilled? Beyond question his lofty idealism would receive some severe shocks. He would find a Third Italy indeed, exulting in its national unity and in its rank and freedom as a great Power, but not more capable than the other nations of evolving, as Mazzini would have had it, the "large internationalism" which is not the antithesis of patriotism, but its indispensable completion and crown; not less prone than they to interpret national glory in terms of territory, and national greatness in terms of wealth.

Yet he would have found, also, in the Third Italy, a real renaissance, a genuine rebirth of genius and power, and this in ways so individual as to justify in a rare degree the anticipation that Italy would give something vitally her own to the new Europe. Open any serious Italian book to-day, and you will note a kind of intellectual concen-

¹ An elaboration of the lecture delivered in the John Rylands Library, 8 January, 1919.

tration, a girding up of the loins of speech and thought, in striking contrast with the loose-tongued volubility of most Italian writing, in verse or prose, of the mid-nineteenth century. You note also a new tone of critical mastery and conscious equality. Italy in the last century was still the "woman-people," the pathetic beauty, languid still after the gentle torpor of two centuries, and whose intellectual life with some brilliant isolated exceptions, faintly reflected that of the more masculine nations north of the Alps. To-day she has not only critically mastered all that Europe has to give, she sits in judgment upon us, and the judgment she pronounces has again and again been one of those which in disposing of old difficulties opens new ways. Benedetto Croce, who in his critical review, the *Critica*, is bringing intellectual Europe to his reader's doors, has in his original philosophic work subjected the philosophic systems of Europe to a revision, and has succeeded in a great measure to their authority.¹ A thinker less known, even to cultivated Italians, Aliotta, has surveyed in a book of extraordinary penetration and philosophic power, the "idealistic reaction against science" in the nineteenth century. And when we look to creative literature, we find in this Third Italy, together with a profusion of those fungoid growths of which the modern age has in the West been everywhere prolific, two or three poets, at least, of great, even dazzling, genius, for whom no predecessor, in Italy or elsewhere, had in any important sense prepared the way. One of these, after pouring forth poems, dramas, novels, in prodigal abundance for forty years, became the most vociferous, and possibly the most potent, of the forces that drove Italy into the war, and was until lately the idol of the whole Italian race. Even to-day, after the sorry collapse of his adventure, the man in whom Europe, irritated and impatient, sees only a sort of Harlequin-Garibaldi, impudent where his predecessor was sublime, and florid where he was laconic, is still, for multitudes of his countrymen, the hero-poet who took the banner of *Italianità* from the failing or treacherous hands of diplomats and statesmen, and defended it against the enemy without and the enemy within, with the tenacity of maturity and the ardour of youth. Certainly, one who is beyond all rivalry the most adored

¹ Much of this paragraph is repeated in substance from an article, by the writer, on "The Higher Mind of Italy," in the *Manchester Guardian*, 15 March, 1920.

poet, in any country, of our time, who has fought for Italy with tongue and pen and risked his life in her service, and whose personality might be called a brilliant impressionist sketch of the talents and failings of the Italian character, reproducing some in heightened but veracious illuminations, others in glaring caricature or paradoxical distortion—such a man, as a national no less than as a literary force, claims and deserves close study.

Before entering, however, upon the detail of his life and work, let me assist our imagination of Gabriele d'Annunzio by quoting from the vivid description given by Mr. James Bone of a meeting with him at Venice in the summer of 1918. The poet, fifty-six years old, was then at the height of his renown; Fiume was then unthought of. His great exploit of flying over Vienna and dropping leaflets inviting her in aureate imagery to make peace, was on every tongue. The gondoliers took off their hats as they passed his house on the Grand Canal, and he had to register all his letters to prevent their being abstracted as souvenirs. Mr. Bone was talking with the airmen at an aerodrome on one of the islands in the lagoons there:—

“Conversation died instantly as an airman, very different from the others, came hurrying towards us—a rather small, very quick, clean-cut figure, wearing large smoked glasses and white gloves with the wrists turned down. . . . The nose was rather prominent, complexion not dark but marked a little, the whole profile very clear, making one think not of a Renaissance Italian but of a type more antique, an impression accentuated by his rather large, beautifully shaped ear, very close to the head. The body denied the age that was told in the face, for all its firmness. One's first impression was of a personality of extraordinary swiftness and spirit still at full pressure, remorselessly pursuing its course ‘in hours of insight willed’. . . . The whole surface of d'Annunzio's personality suggested a rich, hard fineness, like those unpolished marbles in old Italian churches that gleam delicately near the base where the worshippers have touched them, but above rise cold and white as from the matrix. . . . There was something of the man of fashion in the way he wore his gloves, and in his gestures, but nothing one could see of the national idol aware of itself.”¹

¹ *Manchester Guardian*, 12 September, 1918.

I.

The soldier-poet-man-of-fashion who wore his fifty-six years thus lightly, was born, in 1862, at Pescara, the chief—almost only—town of the Abruzzi, then one of the wildest and rudest provinces of Italy. Its valleys, descending from the eastern heights of the Apennines to the Adriatic, were inhabited by an almost purely peasant population—a hardy, vigorous race, tenacious of their primitive customs, and little accessible to cultural influences. The Church enjoyed their fanatical devotion, but only at the price of tacitly accepting many immemorial pagan usages disguised by an unusually transparent veil of Catholic ritual; while the Law occasionally found it expedient to leave a convicted murderer (as in the *Figlia di Iorio*) to be executed by an angry multitude according to the savage methods their tradition prescribed. The little haven of Pescara—one of the few on Italy's featureless Adriatic coast—was the centre of a coasting traffic with the yet wilder Dalmatian seaboard, a traffic which like all ancient sea-faring, pursued its economic aims in an atmosphere of superstitious observance, mystical, picturesque, and sometimes cruel. In the poetic autobiography ("The Soul's Journey") which occupies the first *Laude* (1903), d'Annunzio sketches vividly his boyhood's home in this Abruzzan country overlooking the sea. Of the persons who composed this home, of family affections, we have only momentary retrospective glimpses. We hear of the father, long dead, when he wrote, from whom he derived his iron-tempered muscles; and of the mother, who gave him his insatiable ardour of will and desire. The three sisters seem to have been like him; the face of the second sister resembled his own "mirrored in a clear fountain at dawn". All that stood between them, he says, was their innocence and his passion. There was, too, an old nurse, to whom in her beautiful old age, when she had retired to a mountain hamlet, the poet addressed some tenderly beautiful stanzas, contrasting his own stormy career with her idyllic peace as she "spins the wool of her own flocks while the oil holds out".¹

But of household drama, such as dominates the experience of most children, little seems to have existed for this child. Certainly it vanishes completely, in the retrospect of the man of forty, beside the drama enacted with prodigious intensity of colour, animation, and

¹ Dedication of *Il Poema Paradisiaco* (1892).

passion, by his imperious senses. The contrast is here acute between d'Annunzio and his co-heir of the Carduccian tradition, Pascoli, whose poignant memories of childhood, instead of being effaced by the energy of his sense-life, permeate it through and through, giving a "deep autumnal tone" to almost every line he wrote. He spoke in later life of his "profound sensuality" as a gift which had brought him poetic discoveries denied to colder men, and this is no doubt true if by "sensuality" we understand, as we ought, that d'Annunzio is prodigally endowed with all the senses, that eye and ear feast on the glory and the music of the world and live in its teeming life, that his lithe body thrills with the zest of motion, that imagery is the material of his thinking and the stuff of his speech; and that the passion of sex, so acutely and perilously developed in him, is just one element in this prodigal endowment of his entire sense-organism, which is a main source of the artistic splendour of his work. In the early pages of the *Viaggio* we see the young boy drinking in with a kind of intoxication the simple sights and sounds of the farm—the rhythmic fall of the flails on the threshing-floor, the pouring of the whey from the churn, the whirr of the spool in the loom, the scampering of wild ponies with streaming manes over the hillside, or again, out at sea, the gorgeous scarlet or gold sails scudding before the wind, each with its symbolic sign. Even the inanimate world became for his transfiguring senses alive; "it was a lying voice," he cries, "that declared that Pan is dead". The mere contrasts of things, the individual self-assertion shown by a tree, for instance, in not being a rock, produced in him an excitement analogous to that which made Rupert Brooke, in his own words, "a lover" of all kinds of common things for being just definitely and unmistakably what they were. So that a conception apparently so thin and abstract as "difference" can assume for him the shape and potency of an alluring divinity: "Diversity," he cries, "the siren of the world! I am he who love thee!"

And then, with adolescence, came the passion of sex; for d'Annunzio no shy and gradual discovery, but a veritable explosion, before which all obstacles, moral and material, vanished into air. He tells it with the frankness of a child of the South, and the self-conscious importance of an egoist for whom the events of his own physical history could only be fitly described in terms of epic poetry, with its contending nationalities and ruined or triumphant kings. "O flesh!" he

cries, "I gave myself up to thee, as a young beardless king gives himself up to the warrior maid who advances in arms, terrible and beautiful. She advances victorious, and the people receive her with rejoicing. Astonishment strikes the gentle king, and his hope laughs at his fear."¹ And from the first this new passion allies itself with the rest of his sense-organism, irradiating eye and ear and imagination, "giving to every power a double power," as Biron says in *Love's Labour's Lost*, "Thou wast sometimes as the grape pressed by fiery feet, O flesh, sometimes as snow printed with bleeding traces; I seemed to feel in thee the winding of trodden roots, and to hear the far-off grinding of the axe upon the whetstone". The young erotic was already growing towards that observant psychologist of eroticism who pervades so many gorgeous but repulsive pages of his novels.

He was also growing, more slowly and as yet invisibly, to other and more notable things. In the first published poems of the boy of eighteen, and the second, *Canto Novo*, two years later, there is not much more than the reflexion of this intense and pervading "sensuality" (in the large meaning above indicated), in a speech moulded upon the diction and rhythms of Carducci. The great master, then at the height of his fame, had still to do much of his most splendid work. D'Annunzio, who never ceased to revere him, was to become his principal inheritor; but the heir added so much of his own to the bequest that he can only at the outset be regarded as his disciple. The elder poet's influence was in any case entirely salutary. The classical severity and nobility of style which distinguished the *Rime Nove* and the *Odi Bârbare* from the florid and facile romantic verse of the day, contributed to temper the dangerous luxuriance of d'Annunzio, and to evoke the powers of self-discipline and tenacious will which lay within; while Carducci's exultation in radiance and clarity, his noon-day view of life, his symbolic sun-worship and his hatred of all twilight obscurantism and moonlight nebulosity, equally enforced the more virile strain in d'Annunzio, the "stalk of carle's hemp" which, far more truly than in Burns, underlay the voluptuous senses.

This background of harder and tougher nature was already manifested when d'Annunzio, a few years later, turned to tell in prose some stories

¹ *Laus Vite*, 232 f.

of his native province. There is little in the *Novelle di Pescara* of love, less of luxury or refinement ; we see the Abruzzan village folk at feud, fanatical and ferocious, the women cheering on the men, the Church in its most ceremonial robes blandly but helplessly looking on. "The Idolaters" tells how the men of a certain village plan to set the bronze statue of the saint upon the church altar of another neighbouring village. They assemble at night and march through the darkness with the image on a cart. In the other village the men await them in force, and a savage battle takes place in the church, ending in the rout of the assailants with much slaughter, and the ignominious mutilation of the image of their patron saint. And all this grim matter is told in a style admirably strong and terse, bold and sharp in outline, direct and impersonal in statement, untouched by either delicate feeling or weak sentimentality. D'Annunzio's sensuality asserts itself still, as always ; but it appears here as a Rubens-like joy in intense impressions ; now a copper-coloured storm sky, now a splash of blood, betrays his passion for the crude effects of flame and scarlet, most often where they signify death or ruin. He imagines voluptuously as always, but his voluptuousness here feeds not in the lust of the flesh, but in the lust of wounds and death. When he describes the fighting in the church, he spares you as little as Homer ; you are not told merely that a man was stabbed, you are made to see the blade shear away the flesh from the bone. His men are drawn with the same hard, pungent stroke, and a visible relish for scars, gnarled features, frayed dress, and all the maimings and deformities, due not to weakness or decay, but to battles recent or long ago, the blows and buffets received in the tug with fortune. There is little either of sybarite effeminacy in the painting of old Giacobbe, for instance, the leader of the insurgents, a tall, bony man, with bald crown and long red hairs on nape and temples, two front teeth wanting, which gives him a look of senile ferocity, a pointed chin covered with bristles, and so forth.

D'Annunzio was intrinsically of the Abruzzan race ; the tough hardy fibre of the peasant folk was his, and the deep inborn attachment to his blood and kin was to produce, twenty years later, his greatest work, as a like attachment lifted Mr. Shaw, almost at the same moment, to the rare heights of *John Bull's Other Island*. But much had to happen to the young provincial before he could thus discover to the full the poetry of his province.

II.

In the early eighties d'Annunzio had come to Rome. The little circle of young Carduccians in the capital welcomed the poet's brilliant disciple, who was soon to outdistance them all in sheer splendour of literary gift. More important, however, than any literary or personal influence—for his hard encasing shell of egoism made him extraordinarily immune to the intrusion either of alien genius or of friendship or love—was the deep impression made upon the young Abruzzan by the splendour, the art glories, and above all the historic import of Rome. "The Abruzzi gave d'Annunzio the sense of *race*," says an excellent critic, "Rome gave him the sense of *history*." The magical effect of Rome had hitherto been rendered most vividly in the poetry of other peoples, to whom it was a revelation, or a fulfilment of long aspiration, or the "city of their soul," in Goethe's *Roman Elegies*, *Childe Harold*, or the *Adonais*. How overwhelming to an imaginative Italian, the sight and living presence of Rome could be, may be judged from the magnificent *Ode* of Carducci. The Englishman who is thrilled as he stands in the Forum, or by the mossy bastions of our own Roman wall, may faintly apprehend the temper of a citizen of the "Third Italy" who felt his capital, newly won from the Popes, to be once more in living continuity with the city of Cæsar. Both the nobility and the extravagance of Italian national feeling have their root in this sense of continuity with antique Rome, and this is to be remembered in estimating the perfervid *Italianità* of d'Annunzio, the most striking example both of this sublime idealism and of the childish extravagance it is able to inspire.

The work of the next years abounded in evidence of the spell which Rome had laid upon his sensuous imagination. He poured forth novels and poetry, charged with an oppressive opulence of epicurean and erotic detail, but saved those by the clear-cut beauty of the prose, the other by the strokes of bold and splendid imagination.

Andrea Sperelli in *Il Piacère* (1889) and Tullio Hermil in *L'Innocente* (1892), are virtuosos in æsthetic as well as in erotic luxury, and the two allied varieties of hedonism reflect and enforce one another. Sperelli is artist and connoisseur, of unlimited resources and opportunities, and neither he nor his mistress could think love tolerable in chambers not hung with precious tapestry and adorned with

sculptured gold and silver vessels, the gift of queens or cardinals of the splendour-loving Renaissance. No doubt there is irony in the picture too; the native stamina in d'Annunzio resists complete assimilation to the corrupt aspects of the luxury he describes, and he feels keenly the contrast between the riotous profusion of the "new rich" of the new Rome and the heroism and hardships of the men of the *Risorgimento* who had won it.

The poetry of this period is less repellent because its substance, though not definitely larger or deeper, is sustained and penetrated by the magic of a wonderfully winged and musical speech. His *Elegie Romane* (1892)—a rare case of his emulating another poet—are inferior in intellectual force to Goethe's, which yet have as lyrics an almost pedestrian air in comparison with the exquisite dance of the Italian rhythms. The sonnets of the *Isottèo* and *Chimera* (1885-8) show a concentration rare in the later history of the Italian sonnet. And any reader who thinks d'Annunzio incapable of writing of love without offence may be invited to try the charming idyll of Isaotta Guttadauro. To be sure the scenery and circumstances are sumptuous and opulent as usual. The simple life and homely persons traditional in idyll are remote; but poetry did not absolutely fly from Tennyson's touch when he turned from his Miller's and Gardener's daughters to put Maud in a Hall; and neither does she retire from d'Annunzio's Isaotta, in her noble mansion. The lover stands at sunrise in the "high hall garden" under her window and summons her in a joyous morning song to come forth. It is late autumn, the house is silent, but the peacocks perched on the orange trees hail the morning in their raucous tones. The situation is that of Herrick's May morning song to Corinna, but though Herrick loved jewels and fine dresses not a little, the contrast is piquant between the country simplicity of these Devonshire maids and men, and the aristocratic luxury of Isaotta. "Come, my Corinna, come! Wash, dress, be brief in praying"—bids Herrick; but no such summary toilette will serve the Italian. Isaotta will rise from her brocaded bed and her white limbs will gleam in a marble bath, and her maid pours amber-scented water on them, while the woven figures of the story of Omphale look on from the walls. At length Isaotta comes out on to her vine-wreathed balcony and playfully greets *messèr cantore* below. She is secretly ready, we see, to surrender, but makes a show of standing out for terms. They will wander

through the autumnal vineyards, and if they find a single cluster still hanging on the poles, "I will yield to your desire, and you shall be my lord". So they set out in the November morning. The vineyards, lately so loud with vintage merriment and song, are now deserted and still. Not a cluster is to be seen. She archly mocks him; "What, has subtle Love no power to give you eyes?" They meet peasant women going to their work, and one of them asks him, "What seekest thou, fair sir?" And he replies: "I seek a treasure". A flight of birds rises suddenly across their path with joyous cries; they take it as a sign, and gaze at each other, pale and silent. Then unexpectedly he sees before him a vineyard flaming in full array of purple and gold; and a flock of birds making a chorus in its midst. "O lady Isaotta, here is life!" I cried to her with rapt soul; and the chorus of songsters cried over our heads. I drew her to the spot, and she came as swift as I, for I held her firmly by the hand. Rosy was the face she turned away from me, but fair as Blanchemain's when she took the kiss of Lancelot, her sovran lover, in the forest. "O Lady, I keep my pact; for you I pluck the fatal untouched cluster. Then she gave me the kiss divine."

III.

The last word of the Isaotta idyll—*sourumano*—rendered above "divine," was an early symptom of a development of formidable significance in the prose and poetry of d'Annunzio during the next twenty years. The "Superman" had not yet been discovered when he was a boy, but the spirit to which *sourumanità* appeals had from the first run in his blood. His passion for sensation, for strong effects, for energy, even for ferocity and cruelty, was the concomitant of a genius that strove to shatter obstacles, to bend others to its will, and reshape its experience, as the opposite genius of Pàscoli submissively accepted experience, hearing in all its vicissitudes reverberations of the mournful memories in which his soul was steeped. When d'Annunzio accordingly, in the early nineties, discovered the work of Nietzsche, he experienced that liberation which comes to every man who meets with a coherent exposition of the meaning of his own blind impulses, and a great new word for his confused and inarticulate aims. In Nietzsche he found a mind more congenial to him perhaps than any other he had known, more even

than that of his master Carducci, but, unlike his, congenial mainly to what was most perilous and ill-omened in himself. He loftily admitted the German his equal, a great concession, and when Nietzsche died, in 1900, wrote a noble dirge "to the memory of a destroyer," of the *Bàrbaro enorme* "who lifted up again the serene gods of Hellas on to the vast gates of the Future".

When d'Annunzio wrote these words the Hellenic enthusiasms nourished by his acute sense of beauty in a nature utterly wanting in the Hellenic poise, had won, partly through Nietzsche's influence, an ascendancy over his imaginations which made it natural for him to render the Superman in Hellenic terms. The serene gods of Hellas symbolised for him the calmness of absolute mastery, of complete conquests, all enemies trampled under foot or flung to the eternal torments of Erebus. This mood detached him wholly from Shelley and Byron, and the young Goethe, who had gloried in Prometheus, the spirit of man struggling against supreme deity, baffled and finally overthrowing him; he now, like the riper Goethe, adores the serenity of Olympus. "O Zeus, Father of Serene Day, how much fairer than the chained and howling Iapetid seemed in thy eyes the silent mountain and its vast buttresses fresh with invisible springs." And besides Prometheus, Zeus has another enemy, Christ—the foe of beauty, and lord of the herd of slaves with their slave-morality of pity and submission. "O Zeus, he cries, I invoke thee, awaken and bring on the Morrow! Make the fire of heaven thy ploughshare to plough the Night! Thou only canst purify Earth from its piled-up filth."

We are not to look in all this for even so much of definite ethical or philosophic content as we find in Nietzsche. If Nietzsche was a poet imagining in philosophic terms rather than a philosopher, d'Annunzio was hardly capable of abstract thought at all. On the other hand, Nietzsche could still less rival d'Annunzio in creative faculty, and the series of d'Annunzian characters inspired or touched by the spirit of Nietzschean *sovrumanià* may be set against the richer intellectual and spiritual substance of *Zarathustra*. No doubt this influence was not wholly salutary; Nietzsche's heady draught intoxicated his brain with visions of colossal and ruthless power, begetting images of supermen and superwomen magnificent in stature and equipment, in the glory of their flame-like hair, and the crystalline beauty of their speech, but wholly unreal and impossible. Neverthe-

less, there were fortunate moments when the vision of power, constrained by a human and moving story to work within the limits of humanity, became a source not of unreal extravagance, but of heroic and sublime truth. And these moments, though few, atoned for much splendid futility.

The first traces of the "Superman's ideal appear in *Le Vergini delle Rocce* (1896).¹ The three maidens, princesses, are all in different fashions athirst for the infinite. Massimilla longs to surrender herself in absolute devotion; Anatolia is conscious of boundless creative power; she would fain become the propagator of an ideal race; she knows that of her substance a Superman may be born. Violante's infinity is the poet's power of dreaming himself king of infinite space; in dream she has lived a thousand magnificent lives, moving through all dominations as securely as one treading a well-known path. In the most diverse things she has discovered secret analogies with her own form, and poets have seen in her the mystery of Beauty revealed in mortal flesh after secular ages, across the imperfections of innumerable descendants.

But vague aspirations such as these merely disclosed the temperament to which *sovrumanità* appeals. For Nietzsche this ideal was not to be dreamed of, but to be fought for, by the ruthless suppression of all the "human" affections and weaknesses, within and without, that stood in its way. To overcome humanity was the indispensable step to the coming of the Superman. For the Italian, with his "vast sensuality," his prodigal endowment of very "human" lusts, this rigorous doctrine was not, it may well be thought, altogether made, any more than the kindred saying of Goethe that self-limitation is the secret of mastery, was one that he could readily assimilate. Yet there was something in him, as we have seen, to which the call to self-making appealed, even if it had not been the price of power. The tenacious fibre of the Abruzzan showed itself in a capacity for hardy even ascetic life amazing to those who know only the hothouse atmosphere of his novels. Some of his most sumptuous prose and verse was poured forth in the absolute seclusion of monastic cells, or in wild peasant houses far from civilization; and only the most iron industry could have

¹ Gargiullo, *Gabriele d'Annunzio* (1912), to whose account of the poet's *sovrumanità*, as well as of the grouping of his work in general, the present essay is indebted for much suggestion.

achieved the enormous value of his work. Hence he can put into the mouth of Claudio Cantelmo, in the *Vèrgini*, these evidently autobiographic words : "after subduing the tumults of youth, I examined whether perchance . . . my will could, by choice and exclusion, extract a new and seemly work of its own from the elements which life had stored up within me".

There is a glimpse here of a finer psychological and a deeper ethical insight than we often find in d'Annunzio, and it might have led a man of richer spiritual capacity to a loftier poetry than he was ever to produce. But on the whole the clue thus hinted was not followed up, and the tough nerve which might have nourished the powerful controlling will of a supreme artist, often served only to sustain those enormities of the ferocious and the grandiose which make dramas like *Gloria* and *La Nave* mere examples of the pathology of genius.

In the meantime, novels and poems and dramas poured forth. The prolific later nineties saw the famous novel *Fuoco* (1900), a picture of Venetian splendour as gorgeous as that of Rome in *Piacère*, but touched with the new joy in power ; and the dramas *Sogno d'un Mattino di Primavera* (1897), *Gioconda*, and *Città Morta* (1898). The last named, one of the most original tragedies of our time, may be counted among the examples of work in which the audacities of d'Annunzio's *souvrumanità* are justified. The fine and the morbid strains in him, passion for life, Hellenism, enthusiasm, perverse erotics, cross and mingle in its texture, but from them is somehow evolved an action that reproduces as nearly as a modern dramatist may the horror excited in ancient spectators by the doom of the House of Atreus. Nothing indeed could be less Greek than the structure and persons of the play. Leonardo, a young archæologist, is excavating in the ruins of Mycenæ. With him are his sister, Beata Maria, and their friends Alessandro and Anna his wife, a cluster of human flowers, full of living charm and sap, transplanted into the "dead city". But the dead city is not merely dead ; it is mysteriously fraught with the power of the vanished past to control and dominate the present and the future. Its mouldering ruins are the arena of a struggle between Death and Life, in which death triumphs and life receives the mortal blow. Leonardo, obsessed with the Oresteia, is haunted at night by visions of terrific blood-stained figures, and has no thoughts by day but of penetrating the secrets of their tombs. Alessandro, full of the joy

of life, seeks to detach him from these preoccupations. "I hoped he would have come with me and gathered flowers with those fingers of his which know nothing but stones and dust," and he is drawn to Beata Maria, herself the very genius of glowing youth, "the one live thing, says her friend Anna, in this place, where all is dead and burnt . . . it is incredible what force of life is in her . . . if she were not, none of us could live here, we should all die of thirst". "When Beata Maria speaks, he who hears forgets his pain, and believes that life can still be sweet." She herself is devoted to the brother whose passion seems to estrange him so far from what she loves. She shares his Hellenic ardour, and innocently recites Cassandra's prophecy in the *Agamemnon*, with Cassandra's wreath on her golden locks, of "an evil, intolerable to the nearest kin, and irreparable, preparing in this house". Anna, struck with mysterious fear, stops her; but the ominous words have been spoken, and foreshadow a real doom. Beata Maria, the unconscious Cassandra, will suffer Cassandra's fate. The indestructible virus of the dead city will poison the glory of youth. The incestuous passion which desolated the House of Atreus is not extinguished in the crumbling dust of their tombs. A horrible infection seizes Leonardo. He struggles vainly with an impure passion for his sister. In only one way can his love be purified, a way grievous for him, and yet more grievous for her. She must die; and he slays her among the tombs of the "dead city" which has thus again laid upon the living its mortal hand.

The conclusion outrages our feelings, and betrays d'Annunzio's glaring deficiency in sympathetic power. Whatever pity we feel for Leonardo in his miserable plight is dispelled by his cynical purchase of the purity of his own emotions at the price of his innocent sister's death. Here, as in other cases, d'Annunzio's fundamental want of passion, and the strain of hard egoism which pervaded the movements of his brilliant mind, gravely injured his attempts in tragic poetry. Death was doubtless the only solution; but it must be another death—one that would have saved the "purity" of Leonardo's emotions by ending them altogether.

IV.

Yet d'Annunzio, if an egoist, was an egoist of imagination, and liable as such to irrational intrusions of sympathy which, without

diminishing the vehemence of his egoism, enlarged its scope and enriched its ethical substance. Neither family affections nor friendship had touched his imagination in this way ; but the discovery of Rome had taught him something of the pride of citizenship, and more than the nascent pride of nationality. But in the last year of the century he underwent an experience which turned this nascent emotion into a passion, and the poet himself into a prophet and preacher, in its service, an "announcer" as he was fond of saying, of the cause and creed of *Italianità*.

He had as yet seen nothing of Europe beyond the Alps. In 1900 he made an extensive tour, but in no tourist spirit. An Italian had no need to go abroad for beauty of nature or of art, and d'Annunzio's keen eyes were turned in quite other directions—to the great nations, with their vast resources and their high ambitions ; and he measured their several capacities for success in the conflict which he, among the first, saw to be impending. He was impressed by the threatening development of Germany, and by "the extraordinary development of race-energy" in England. Everywhere the force of nationality was more vehement than ever before. "All the world is stretched like a bow, and never was the saying of Heracleitos more significant : "The bow is called Bios (life), and its work is death".

But where was Italy in this universal tension of the national spirit ? Where was her strung bow ? How was she preparing to hold her own with the great progressive nations of the North ? D'Annunzio flung down these challenging questions in his eloquent pamphlet, *Della coscienza nazionale* (1900). To the foreign observer the trouble with Italy did not seem to be defective ambition. She had rather appeared to take her new rôle as a great Power too seriously, blundering into rash adventures abroad when she ought to have been spreading the elements of civilization at home. But d'Annunzio had seen the race for empire in the North, and his call to Italy was the call of an imperialist ; a call for unity of purpose, for concentration of national wealth and strength in the interest of a greater Italy, mistress of the Adriatic if not of the Mediterranean. It was the beginning of a new phase of d'Annunzio's career. He was henceforth a public man, whose voice, the most resonant and eloquent then to be heard in Italy, counted, as poetic voices so rarely do, in the direction of public

affairs. He entered Parliament, a proclaimed disciple in policy of Crispi, the Italian Bismarck.

How did these enlarged ideals affect d'Annunzio's work in poetry? In part, as has been hinted, disastrously. The enlarged ideals lent themselves with perverse ease, in a mind already obsessed with *sovrumanità*, to a mere megalomania, a rage for bigness, only more mischievous in practice, and nowise better as literature, because they were conveyed in terms of navies and transmarine dominions. He had already in his fine series of *Odi Navali* (1893) fanned to some purpose the naval ambitions of his country. He now sounded a loftier note, suited to the vaster horizons of an Italian Mediterranean. These, for instance, are some stanzas from the opening hymn or prayer prefixed to his colossal naval tragedy, *La Nave* (1908):—

O Lord, who bringest forth and dost efface
The ocean-ruling Nations, race by race,
It is this living People by Thy grace
Who on the Sea
Shall magnify Thy name, who on the Sea
Shall glorify Thy name, who on the Sea
With myrrh and blood shall sacrifice to Thee
At the altar-prow.
Of all Earth's oceans make Our Sea, O Thou!
Amen!

But megalomania was not happily the whole result. The older and deeper instincts planted or quickened in d'Annunzio by his earlier experience—the feeling for race and for historic continuity—blended with the new and vehement passion of nationality, communicating to it, in moments of vision, something of their human intimacy, and undergoing in their turn an answering enlargement of range and scope. If his *Italianità* was something more significant than a resonant cry for more ships and territory, it was because it drew warmth and tenderness from the home sentiment for his Abruzzan province deep-rooted in the poet's heart; while the Abruzzan province, in its turn, was seen in the larger and grander setting of the Italian people and the Roman race, but without the distorting nimbus of megalomaniac dreams. This fortunate harmony found expression chiefly in certain poems of the first five years of the new century, the golden period of d'Annunzio's production. To these years belong his two most notable attempts to give to Italy a tragic poetry built upon Italian story.

In the material for tragic poetry no country was richer, but it had been left to the genius of foreign dramatists to give world-wide fame to the stories of Romeo and Juliet, Beatrice Cenci, and Torquato Tasso. Alfieri, the greatest of Italian tragic poets, had devoted his austere art almost solely to classical subjects; and Manzoni's Venetian *Conte di Carmagnola* stood almost alone, as a great Italian tragedy on an Italian theme. In the story of Francesca of Rimini, d'Annunzio found to his hand a native tragic subject of the first order, not yet touched by a tragic poet of genius, Italian or other. That it had been made his own by the supreme poet of Italy hardly disturbed d'Annunzio, deeply as he revered the poet whose words, in the fine phrase of his Dante Ode, clothed Italy like the splendour of day. He was not going to challenge comparison with Dante's marmoreal brevity. And the poet of Pescara had some title to regard this story of the adjacent Adriatic sea-board of Rimini and Ravenna, as his by right. But the story itself has also exerted its moderating control upon the natural prodigiosity of his invention, so that in his Franciscan tragedy, it is possible to recognize a general conformity to traditional technique.

It is even possible that Shakespeare's handling of his Italian tragedy may have afforded a hint. The ruin of Romeo and Juliet results from the feud of the rival houses. The ruin of d'Annunzio's Francesca and Paolo is similarly rooted ultimately in the feud of Guelf and Ghibelline. Her father, a great Guelf captain, has sold her to the lord of Ravenna, as the price of support against the Ghibellines. But when her hand is thus plighted, she has already seen his brother Paolo, with his feminine beauty and luxuriant locks, pass under her window, and the seed of their passion is sown. Francesca has grown up "a flower in an iron soil," and love throughout is set in a frame of war. But she would be no d'Annunzian heroine if she did not respond to the call of life and light. When about to leave Rimini on her marriage she replies to the pleading of her devoted young sister who cannot live without her, "I am going, sweet life, where thou canst not come, to a deep and solitary place, where a great fire burns without fuel". Fire is d'Annunzio's haunting symbol for terrible and splendid things, a symbol, too, for the strange union of cruelty and beauty in his own mind and art, and it does not forecast here only the Inferno flames in which she will move with Paolo so lightly before the wind. In the palace at Ravenna we see her

among her ladies, chafing at her dull seclusion, while the Ghibelline siege rages without. A Florentine merchant displays his gorgeous wares before them, a feast of scarlet and gold. Presently Francesca has climbed to the tower where her husband's brothers are on guard. Bolts and arrows crash against the walls or through the loop-hole. A cauldron of Greek fire stands ready for use. Francesca, to the horror of the soldiers, fires it, and breaks into wild ecstasy at the "deadly beauty" of this "swift and terrible life". A moment later a bolt pierces the curls of Paolo. She thinks he is wounded, and clasps his head. In that embrace he stammers the first word of love. "They have not hit me, but your hands have touched me, and have undone the soul within my heart! . . . *Franc.* "Lost! Thou art lost!" Thus, again, Francesca's fate, like Juliet's, is provoked by the unrelated feud of parties without. But presently the same dissonant entourage thrusts the lovers apart. Paolo is sent as General of the Guelf forces to Florence. Francesca in his absence reads the Lancelot romance with her ladies. But Paolo, unable to endure his exile, posts back to Ravenna, and rushes to her chamber, where she has been reading with her ladies. The romance of Lancelot lies open on the lectern. The place where the reading stopped is marked; it is where Galeotto is urging Lancelot's suit upon Ginevra. They bend over the book together.

Pa. Let us read a page, Francesca!

Fr. Look at that swarm of swallows, making a shadow
On the bright water!

Pa. Let us read, Francesca.

Fr. And that sail that is glowing like fire!

Pa. (reading). "Assuredly,
Lady," says Galeotto, "he does not dare,
Nor will he ask ye anything of love,
Being afraid, but I ask in his name, and if
I did not ask, you ought to seek it, seeing
You could in no wise win a richer treasure."
And she says—

(drawing Francesca gently by the hand)

Now do you read what she says,

Be you Ginevra.

Fr. (reading). And she says: "Well I know it, and I will do
What you command. And Galeotto said:
Grammercy, lady; I beg that you will give him
Your love. . . ."

(she stops.)

- Pa. Read further !
 Fr. No, I cannot see
 The words.
- Pa. Read : " Certainly . . .
 Fr. Certainly," she says,
 " I give it him, but so that he be mine
 And I utterly his, and all ill things
 Made good " . . . Paolo, enough.
- Pa. (*reading with a hoarse and tremulous voice*).
 " Lady, he says, much thanks ; now in my presence
 Kiss him, for earnest of true love "—You, you !
 What says she now ? What now ?
 (*Their pale faces bend over the book, so that their cheeks
 almost touch.*)
- Fr. (*reading*). She says : " Why should
 He beg it of me ? I desire it more
 Than you. . . ."
- Pa. (*continuing with stifled voice*). They draw apart.
 And the Queen sees
 The Knight dare go no further. Then she clasps
 Him by the chin, and with a long kiss kisses
 His mouth. . . .
 (*He kisses her in the same way. When their mouths separate
 Francesca reels, and falls back on the cushions.*)
 Francesca !
- Fr. (*with hardly audible voice*).
 No, Paolo !

The sequel is too long drawn out, and is marred by the duplicity of all the persons concerned. Malatestino's sleuth-hound cunning brings about the husband's vengeance, but his strategy is animated only by ferocious hatred of the lovers not by any care for justice. By his contrivance, the rough soldier, who has never suspected his own wrongs, returns prematurely from the march, and thunders at the lovers' chamber door : " Open, Francesca ! " The wretched Paolo tries to escape through a trapdoor, but is dragged up by the hair to be slain. But Francesca rushes to clasp him, and the husband's sword pierces her. *Francesca da Rimini*, though a brilliant drama, with innumerable beauties of detail, misses the quality of great tragedy. Of the principal characters Francesca alone excites a fitful sympathy, while Paolo's effeminacy provokes a contempt which diminishes our compassion for the woman whose love he has won. These coward " heroes," who leave their mistresses in mental peril, or slay their sisters, or see their brides borne to execution in their place, seem to

haunt the egoist imagination of the poet, to the grievous hurt of his work. Yet when all is said, *Francesca* is one of the most arresting, though dramatically by no means one of the best plays, produced in Europe during the first decade of the century.

If the *Francesca* owed much to the stimulus and the control of a great historic and literary tradition, the rarer beauty of *La Figlia di Iorio* (1904) was nourished on a yet more potent influence, the old intimate passion for his Abruzzan race and home. In language the more moving because in d'Annunzio so seldom heard, he dedicated "To the land of Abruzzi, to my Mother, to my Sisters, to my Brother in exile, to my Father in his grave, to all my Dead, to all my People between the Mountains and the Sea, this song of the ancient blood". It was, indeed, no mere recurrence to the scenes and memories of his childhood, but a recovery, through them, of the more primitive sensibilities and sympathies which the complexities of an ultra modern culture had obscured or submerged. The shepherds and peasants of this "pastoral tragedy" live and move in an atmosphere fanatically tense with the customs and beliefs of their Catholicized paganism ; but no believing poet ever drew the ritual of rustic unreason with more delicate sympathy, or rendered its prayers and incantations in more expressive and beautiful song. For the poetry is not exotic or imposed, like the songs of peasants in opera, it is found and elicited. The young shepherd, Aligi, is drawn into a kind of mystic relationship to Mila di Codra, a witch-maiden dreaded and abhorred over the whole countryside. But a bride has been chosen for him, and the scene opens with the preparations for her coming. Aligi's three sisters are seen kneeling before the old carved oak chest, choosing her bridal robes, and vying with each other in joyous morning carols. A band of scarlet wool is drawn across the open door, a crook and a distaff lean against it, and by the doorpost hangs a waxen cross as a charm against evil spells. Aligi looks on in dreamy distraction, his thoughts far away. The women of the neighbour farms come in procession bearing gifts of corn in baskets on their heads. An unknown girl follows in their train. Presently angry cries are heard in the distance. The reapers are in pursuit of Mila, whose spells have spoilt their harvest, they have seen her enter the house and clamour at the door for her surrender. The frightened women tremble, but Mila has crouched down on the sacred hearth, whence it would be sacrilege to remove her, and Ornella, the

youngest of the sisters, who alone secretly pities Mila, draws the bolts. The storm of menace grows louder, till Aligi, roused from his dreamy absorption by the taunts of the women, raises his hand to strike the suppliant on the hearth. Immediately the horror of his sacrilege seizes him, he implores her pardon on his knees, and thrusts his guilty hand into the flame. Then he hangs the cross above the door and releases the bolts. The reapers rush in, but seeing the cross, draw back in dismay, baring their heads. Aligi has saved his "sister in Christ," but his guilt is not effaced.

In the second Act, Aligi and Mila are living together, as brother and sister, in a mountain cavern. He would fain go with his flocks to Rome to seek dissolution of his marriage ; but she knows that happiness is not for her, and she will not hurt him with her passionate love. But in his home they know only that the enchantress has carried off the son from his mother and his virgin bride ; Ornella, the compassionate sister, is thrust out of doors, and now the father, who had returned home only after the reapers had gone, arrives at the mountain cavern in Aligi's absence, and peremptorily summons Mila. She holds him defiantly at bay. He is about to seize her, when Aligi appears on the threshold. In the great scene which follows, the Roman authority of the Abruzzan father over the son overpowers for the moment even the lover's devotion. Not softened by Aligi's humble submission, Lázaro binds him, flogs him savagely, and turns upon Mila, now wholly in his power. At the moment when he has seized her, Aligi breaks free, rushes upon his father, and kills him. The third act opens with the mourning for Lázaro, in long-drawn lyric dirges. Then harsher and fiercer notes are heard, and Aligi, deeply penitent, appears black-robed and bound, borne by the angry mob to bid farewell to his mother before being led to the parricide's death. "To call you mother is no more permitted me, for my mouth is of hell, the mouth that sucked your milk, and learnt from you holy prayers in the fear of God. Why have I harmed you so sorely ? I would fain say, but I will be silent. O most helpless of all women who have suckled a son, who have sung him to sleep in the cradle and at the breast, O do not lift this black veil, to see the face of the trembling sinner. . . ." The crowd tries to comfort her in its rough way, and the mother gives her son the bowl of drugged wine. Suddenly, confused cries are heard in the rear, and Mila breaks her way impetuously through the throng. "Mother,

sisters, bride of Aligi, just people, justice of God, I am Mila di Codra. I am guilty. Give me hearing!" They call for silence, and Mila declares that Aligi is innocent, and she the murderer. Aligi protests: "Before God thou liest". But the crowd eagerly turns its fury upon the dreaded enchantress who owns her guilt, and the cry goes up: "To the flames! To the flames!" Aligi protests again, but with growing faintness, as the deadening potion masters and confuses his brain; till at length, when the bonds have been transferred from his limbs to Mila's, he lifts up his hands to curse her. This breaks down her fortitude. With a piercing shriek she cries: "Aligi, Aligi, not thou, thou canst not, thou must not!" She is hurried away to the stake, only Ornella crying aloud: "Mila, Mila, Sister in Jesus, Paradise is for thee," while Mila herself, now full of the d'Annunzian exultation in glorious ruin, goes to her death crying: "Beautiful Flame, Beautiful Flame!"

A brief résumé such as this inevitably brings into undue emphasis the melodramatic elements of the plot. Yet it is the most human and natural, as it is the most beautiful, of d'Annunzio's dramas. For the strangest things that happen in it are no mere projections of the poet's inspired ferocity or eroticism, as so often elsewhere, but grounded in the real psychology of a primitive countryside, fear, love, hatred, now mysteriously mastered by superstitious awe, now breaking rebelliously from its control, now wrought by its mystic power to else inexplicable excesses.

V.

But even the finest dramatic work of d'Annunzio makes clear that his genius is fundamentally lyrical. The greatest moments of *La Figlia di Iorio* and *Francesca* are uttered in a vein which thrills and sings; while, on the other hand, these moments are often reached by summary short cuts or bold assumptions. And it is fortunate that while he continued to be allured by drama—giving in particular a very individual rendering of the tragedy of Phœdra (1909)—d'Annunzio's most serious and ambitious poetry took the form of a kind of grandiose festival of sustained song, the *Laudi* (1903 onwards). We have already quoted from the picture of his childhood drawn retrospectively by the poet of forty. But these passages, though not at all merely episodic, in no way disclose the grandiose conception and design of the

Làudi. "Praises," he calls them, "Praises of the Sky, of the Sea, of the Earth, of its Heroes." The glory of the universe drew a more majestic chant from the poet of the 123rd Psalm, though in his naïve Hebrew way he "praised" only the Maker of these "wonderful works". D'Annunzio's "praise" expresses simply the ravishment of acute sensibilities in the presence of the loveliness and sublimity of Nature and the heroism of man, an emotion Greek rather than Hebraic. Our poet is perhaps the least Hebraic of all modern poets of genius; and if his barbaric violence alienates him almost as completely from the Hellenic temper, he is yet akin to it by his inexhaustible joy in beauty. And in these years of the *Làudi* Hellas had become more than ever the determining focus about which his artistic dreams revolved, the magnet to whose lure even the barbarian in him succumbs. The first book, called *Maia*, after the mother of Hermes, describes the poet's spiritual journey to the shrine of that god of energy and enterprise, whose Praxitelean image, the most magnificent expression of radiant virility ever fashioned by the chisel, had not long before been unearthed at Olympia. It is a journey of discovery, and d'Annunzio invokes for it the symbolism of the last voyage of the Dantesque Ulysses to seek the experience that lay "beyond the sunset". D'Annunzio turns his prow east not west, but he, too, is daring peril in the quest of the unknown. A splendid Proem in terza-rima "To the Pleiads and the Fates," takes us to a rocky promontory by the Atlantic shore, where, on a flaming pyre, the helm of the wrecked ship of Ulysses is being consumed—the fiery consummation which crowns most of d'Annunzio's heroic careers. The modern venturer, too, must disdain safety, not like Galileo turning back into the secure haven, but fronting the pathless sea of fate with no anchor but his own valour. The sequel does not, it is true, accord completely with this Ulyssean vision. Symbolic imagery is interwoven, in this "spiritual journey," with scenes from an actual voyage to Greece, leaves from a tourist's notebook, incidents of steamer-life, games and talk on board, sketches of fellow-passengers, the squalor and vice of Patras. Presently the ship reaches Elis, and then, as we enter the ruins of Olympia, the great past, human and divine, rises up before us. Pericles, Alcibiades, Themistocles obliterate the tourist memories, and the poet holds high colloquy with Zeus, and offers up a prayer, nine hundred lines long, to Hermes—a superb exposition of the future of humanity, as d'Annunzio hoped to see it wrought by the

genius of Energy and Enterprise, Invention and Will, a future dominated by men of rocky jaw, who chew care like a laurel leaf, precipitate themselves on life, and impregnate it relentlessly with their purposes—a significant image, for the d'Annunzian Hermes is fused with Eros (v. 2904). Eros was, indeed, indispensable it might well be thought to a quite satisfying d'Annunzian divinity. Yet in the fine colloquy with Zeus, which precedes, he touches a deeper note, rare with him, of desperate and baffled struggle with his own “vast sensuality”. He begs Zeus for a sign. “I am at war with many monsters, but the direst are those, ah me, which rise within me from the depths of my lusts.” “Thou wilt conquer them, replies Zeus, only if thou canst transform them into divine children.” The solution lay, for him, not through ethics but through art.

The succeeding books, *Elettra*, *Alcione*, contain a profusion of poetry, some of it sounding notes of tenderness or of meditative reminiscence, which rarely pierce through the metallic clangour of d'Annunzio's grandiose inspirations. The resonant herald of the Third Italy wanders, for instance, among the “Cities of Silence”—decayed, half-grass grown capitals of vanished dukes and kings and extinct republics—Ferrara, Pisa, Pistoja; oldest and grandest of all, Ravenna, the “deep ship's hull, heavy with the iron weight of empire, driven by shipwreck on the utmost bounds of the world”.¹ So, too, the poet of pitiless virility can sing, in these riper years of childhood, if not with the exquisite tenderness of the ageing Swinburne—his nearest kinsman among English poets—yet with an imaginatively idealizing touch like that of Wordsworth's *Ode* (which possibly d'Annunzio knew):—

Thou art ignorant of all, and discernest
All the Truths that the Shadow hides.
If thou questionest Earth, Heaven answers,
If thou speakest with the waters, the flowers hear.

The immense plenitude of life
Is tremulous in the light murmur
Of thy virginal breathing,
And man with his fervors and his griefs.²

But the old enthusiasms, too, yield moments of noble poetry. Even beyond the “earth” and the “sea” and “sky,” it is the “heroes,”

¹ *Elettra*: *Città del Silenzio*.

² *Alcione*: *Il Fanciullo*.

and above all the heroes of Italy, who are "praised". Of the sequence of lyrics on the great enterprise of Garibaldi's "Thousand," *La Notte di Caprera*, it is enough to say that it is worthy of being put beside Carducci's Ode. After a quarter of a century Garibaldi's glory was no whit dimmed. On the contrary, Italians who knew how many gross blots defiled the Italy he had helped to win, saw Garibaldi as a figure of ideal splendour and purity on the further side of a foul morass. The bitter disillusion of such minds is powerfully painted in the moving piece: "To One of the Thousand". An old Garibaldian sailor brings his broken anchor-cable to the ship cordwainer to be mended. He looks on, sombre, dejected, silent; but thinking what he does not say, and his thoughts are like this:—

The anchor-sheet is broken: let it be.
 No hope of mending. Give it up, go home!
 Turn into scourges, cordsman, and halter-nooses
 Thy bitter twine.
 Vilely supine lies the Third Italy,
 A prostitute that every bully uses,
 And in her holy oak-grove's shadow, Rome
 Pastures her swine.¹

But Rome, the eternal City, could only obscure her destiny, not efface it; disillusion founded on her moments of self-oblivion, was itself the vainest of illusions. That is the faith of the new Italian Renaissance, and d'Annunzio, the fiercest assailant of her oblivious fatuities, attains his sublimest note of "praise" in the great Ode which prophetically arrays Rome in her coming glory as the embodied Power of Man.

It is based on the legend, told by Ovid, of the ship of the Great Mother, stranded in the Tiber mud, and drawn to shore by the Vestal Virgin Claudia Quinta. The opening stanzas tell the story—the dearth in the city, the Sibylline oracle's counsel to bring the image of the Mater Magna, the arrival of her ship in the river, the stranding in the mud, the vain efforts of the entire city to extricate it, until a Vestal Virgin, without an effort draws it to bank. Then the poet interprets the symbolic story:—

So, O Rome, our Rome, in its time
 Shall come from far-off seas,
 Shall come from the deep, the Power
 Wherein alone thou hast hope.

¹ *Elettra: A uno dei Mille.*

So, O Rome, our Rome, in its hour,
 A heroic Maid of thy race
 Shall draw Her within thy walls.
 Not a vessel immovably stuck
 In the slimy bed, not an image
 Once worshipped in foreign fanes,
 Shall her pure hand draw to the shore ;
 But the Power of Man, but the holy
 Spirit born in the heart
 Of the Peoples in peace and in war,
 But the glory of Earth in the glow
 Divine of the human Will
 That manifests her, and transfigures,
 By works and deeds beyond number,
 Of light, and darkness, of love
 And hatred, of life and death ;
 But the beauty of human fate,
 The fate of Man who seeks
 His divinity in his Creature.
 Since in thee, as in an imperishable
 Imprint shall the Power of Man
 Take form and image ordained
 In the market-place and the Senate
 To curb the dishonour of Men.

O Rome, O Rome, in thee only,
 In the circle of thy seven hills,
 The myriad human discords
 Shall yet find their vast and sublime
 Unity. Thou the new Bread
 Shalt give, and speak the new Word.

All that men have thought,
 Dreamed, suffered, achieved,
 Enjoyed, in the Earth's vast bound,
 So many thoughts, and dreams,
 So many labours and pangs,
 And joys, and every right won
 And every secret laid bare,
 And every book set open
 In the boundless circuit of Earth. . . .
 Shall become the vesture of thee,
 Thee only, O Rome, O Rome !
 Thou, goddess, Thou only shalt break
 The new Bread, and speak the new Word !

On this note, the climax of his boundless national faith, we will leave d'Annunzio. We are apt to think that the tide of humanity

has ebbed decisively away from the city of the seven hills, and that wherever its Sundered streams may be destined finally to flow together in unison, the Roman Forum, where the roads of all the world once met, will not be that spot. Yet a city which can generate magnificent, even if illusory, dreams is assured of a real potency in human affairs not to be challenged in its kind by far greater and wealthier cities which the Londoner or the New Yorker would never think of addressing in these lyrical terms.

Few men so splendidly endowed as d'Annunzio have given the world so much occasion for resentment and for ridicule. His greatest gifts lent themselves with fatal ease to abuse ; his " vast sensuality " and his iron nerve sometimes co-operate and enforce one another in abortions of erotics and ferocity. But the same gifts, in other phases, become the creative and controlling elements of his wonderful style. His boundless wealth of sensuous images provides the gorgeous texture of its ever changing woof. But its luxury is controlled by tenacious purpose ; the sentences, however richly arrayed, move with complete lucidity of aim to their goal ; the surface is pictorial, but the structure is marble. Thus this Faun of genius, as he seems under one aspect compounded with the Quixotic adventurer, as he seems under another, meet in one of the supreme literary artists of the Latin race, a creator of beauty which, however Latin in origin and cast, has the quality that strikes home across the boundaries of race, and has already gone far to make its author not merely the protagonist of the Latin Renaissance, but a European classic.



MEMORIAL STATUE IN THE BULL RING, KIDDERMINSTER

STORY AND SIGNIFICANCE OF THE REV. RICHARD BAXTER'S "SAINTS' EVERLASTING REST".

BY FREDERICK J. POWICKE, M.A., Ph.D.

IN an open space of Kidderminster called the Bull Ring—at the centre of the town—there is a fine statue of Baxter which figures him with right hand uplifted and pointing heavenward—pointing, as the inscription says, “the way to the Everlasting Rest”.²

It expresses, in eloquent symbolism what was indeed the supreme purpose of Baxter's ministry. His mind was filled with the thought of man as a “pilgrim of Eternity,” whose earthly interests are of ab-

¹ An elaboration of the lecture delivered in the John Rylands Library, 12 February, 1919.

² The whole inscription runs :—

Richard Baxter,
Between the years 1641 and 1660.
This town
was the scene of the labours
of
Richard Baxter
renowned equally for
his Christian learning
and his pastoral fidelity.
In a stormy and divided age
he advocated unity and comprehension
pointing the way to
“The Everlasting Rest”.

Churchmen and nonconformists
united to raise this memorial
A.D. 1875.

The author of the Inscription is said to have been Rev. Edward Parry, minister of the Unitarian Church, and afterwards founder and editor of the *Kidderminster Shuttle*. It seems to me a model of its kind. The statue was unveiled by Dean Stanley.

solutely no account save in their relation to his future destiny. Hence, to teach man how to prepare himself for a blessed future became his absorbing task.

But the symbolism is significant in another way. It shows how there has grown up an instinctive connexion between Baxter and his first book. Not more surely does John Bunyan suggest the *Pilgrim's Progress* than Richard Baxter the *Saints' Rest*. Bunyan wrote some eighteen other books, and Baxter wrote not fewer than 160 other books ; but each owes his common fame to one. No doubt, it has to be admitted at once that the common fame of the former has been on a far larger scale than that of the latter. *Pilgrim's Progress* has circulated in its millions, while the *Saints' Rest* has never gone beyond its thousands. But that is hardly the point. The point is that most people when they think of Bunyan think of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and that most people when they think of Baxter think of the *Saints' Rest*. Nor is there any difficulty in accounting for this fact when we remember that both dealt with the same theme—a theme deeply interesting then to a wide public ; and that both so treated it (though in very different fashion), as to capture and fascinate the reader's attention. And their treatment had at least three similar features. It was alike in the perfect sincerity of their faith and the intense force of their appeal ; it was alike in presenting conceptions of life, and the future, which professed to be drawn exclusively from the teaching of Scripture ; and it was alike in the possession of a singularly attractive style. Bunyan's style has often been extolled—by Lord Macaulay, e.g. whose dictum that it ranks with that of the Authorised Version of the Bible is well known. But Baxter's English is of much the same quality as Bunyan's—not less pure, clear, and simple. Here is what Archbishop Trench, no mean judge, has said of it : “There reigns in Baxter's writings, and not least in the *Saints' Rest*, a robust and masculine eloquence ; nor do these want from time to time, rare and unsought felicities of language which, once heard, can scarcely be forgotten. In regard, indeed, to the choice of words the book might have been written yesterday. There is hardly one which has become obsolete ; hardly one which has drifted away from the meaning which it has in his writings. This may not be a great matter, but it argues a rare insight, conscious or unconscious, into all which was truest, into all which was furthest re-

moved from affectation and untruthfulness in the language—that, after more than 200 years, so it should be; and we may recognize here an element, not to be overlooked, of the abiding popularity of the Book.”¹

This is true, and I will but add that Baxter did not study style—except to make language as clear a medium of his thoughts as possible.

“I never loved affectation,” he says, “nor too much industry about words, nor like the temper of them that do.” “May I speak pertinently, piercingly, plainly, and somewhat properly, I have enough.” “He is the best preacher” (or writer) “who feels what he speaks and then speaks what he feels.”²

With regard to most of his books he says: “I wrote them in the crowd of all my other employments, which would allow me no great leisure for Polishing and Exactness, or any Ornament; so that I scarce ever wrote one Sheet twice over, nor stayed to make any Blots or Interlinings, but was fain to let it go as it was first conceived (*R.B.*, Pt. I, p. 124).

The *Saints' Rest* he speaks of as an exception. On the composition of this he bestowed more pains; and was in a position to do so, because most of it was written during an enforced leisure of four months. But there can have been no great study of words even in this case, seeing that during the same period he wrote another book—*Aphorisms of Justification*—and that the *Saints' Rest* itself ran into a volume of 800 quarto pages closely printed.

Baxter was born in November, 1615, and the first edition of the *Saints' Rest* came out in the early weeks of 1650. That is to say, it came out in his thirty-fifth year; and had been written, in great part, four or five years before. Thus, what I think is not generally realized, it was *the product of a young man*—a young man, moreover, rather weary of life. He relates the occasion of it in his Autobiography—“Whilst I was in health I had not the least thought of writing Books, or of serving God in any more publick way than preaching. But when I was weakened with great bleeding and left solitary in my chamber at Sir John Cook's in Derbyshire, without any acquaintance—but my servant—about me, and was sentenced to death by the Physicians, I began to contemplate more seriously on the Everlasting

¹ *Companions of the Devout Life*, p. 89.

² *Saints' Everlasting Rest*, Premonition.

Rest which I apprehended myself to be on the Borders of. And that my thoughts might not scatter too much in my meditation I began to write something on that Subject, intending but the Quantity of a Sermon, or two . . . but being continued long in weakness where I had no books, nor no better employment, I followed it on till it was enlarged to the bulk in which it is published" (*R.B.*, Pt. I, p. 108). This account of the book, written in or about 1664, fifteen years after the time when he thought himself on the point of death, agrees with that which he gave in the general "Dedication" of 1649. When he began to write his sense of weakness was so extreme that he did not expect to "survive two months longer". Yet he lived till 1691, and continued in strenuous mental toil almost to the end—a sure proof of extraordinary vitality. Still clearer proof might be found in his survival of the unnatural treatment to which, so frequently, he subjected himself. The story of what he calls his "remedies" is, indeed, an amazing record. Thus, in the present case, he was overtaken by illness at Sir John Cook's house through exposure "in a cold and snowy Season". "The cold, together with other things coincident," set his "Nose on bleeding," and he "bled about a quart or two". Then what did he do? He "opened four Veins," and "used divers other Remedies for several days". He adds, as we should expect, that this abuse of nature was "to no purpose". So he "gave" himself "A purge"—with the result that while it "stopped" the bleeding, it "so much weakened" him, "and altered" his "complexion that" his "Acquaintance who came to visit" him "scarce knew" him (*R.B.*, Pt. I, p. 58).

Such was his physical state when he began the *Saints' Rest*. He felt sick unto death. Then, too, he was sick in mind as well as in body. Recent experiences had brought him bitter disappointment, and may be said to have dried up his joy in life for the time being. Let us glance at these. After "about a year and three quarters" (*R.B.*, Pt. I, p. 18) as a preacher at Bridgnorth Baxter came to Kidderminster (1641) "that place which had the chiefest of "his" labours and yielded "him" the greatest fruits of comfort" (*id.*, p. 20). But the outbreak of Civil War interrupted his prosperous labours. He was for the Parliament, while the people of the town, or at any rate the lowest stratum of the people—called the "Rabble" by Baxter—were for the King. By instigation of some outsiders the "Rabble" assailed him



BAXTER'S PULPIT, NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE NEW
MEETING HOUSE AT KIDDERMINSTER

as a Puritan and imperilled his life.¹ So, by advice of his friends, he withdrew and went to Gloucester. At the end of a month he returned. Very soon, however, when a rumour of the King's approach from Shrewsbury, on his way to Oxford, stirred the Rabble to greater violence than before, he withdrew a second time; and did not return for nearly six years. These years, so critical for the nation, were no less critical for Baxter. In the school of events he learnt what no books could teach him. While preaching at Alcester, on the first Sunday evening of his exile, the cannon could be heard from the battle of Edgehill (23 October, 1642). Next morning he and his friend the minister of Alcester (Mr. Samuel Clark) "rode to the field to see what was done". They saw it strewn with "a thousand dead bodies"; and the two exhausted armies facing each other across it—a sight which evoked the conviction that a fratricidal war so horrible must end in a few days, or weeks. Cherishing this hope he passed on to Coventry, and stayed a month with the Puritan Minister, Mr. Samuel King. Then, the war not being yet over, he removed to the Governor's house, having promised him and the committee of the town, to preach once a week to the garrison. Going beyond his promise, he preached once a week also to the townsfolk—for no payment but his lodging and diet. In this way, weeks ran into months, and still the war went on—though nothing but the rumour of it reached Coventry. "While I lived here in Peace and Liberty, as Men in a dry House do hear the storms abroad, so did we daily hear the news of one fight or other, or one garrison or other, won or lost; the two *Newbery Fights*, *Gloucester Siege*, the marvellous Sieges of *Plimouth*, *Lime*, and *Taunton*; Sir *William Waller's* Successes and Losses, the Loss at *Newark*, the Slaughter at *Bolton*, the greatest fight of all at *York*, with abundance more. So that hearing such sad news on one side or other was our daily Work, insomuch that as duly as I wakened in the Morning I expected to hear one come and tell me, *Such a Garrison is won or*

¹ The editor of the *Saints' Everlasting Rest* in "the Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature," says the assault upon him was occasioned by his having *obtained* an order from Parliament to destroy a crucifix in the churchyard, etc. But Baxter did not "obtain" it. It was "sent down," "and, thinking it came from Just authority," he "left the Churchwarden to do what he thought good". Nor was this the immediate occasion of the "Rabble's Fury" which drove him away (see *R.B.*, Pt. I, p. 40).

lost, or Such a Defeat received or given: and do you hear the news, was commonly the first word I heard. So miserable were those bloody days in which he was the most honourable that could kill most of his enemies" (*R.B.*, Pt. I, p. 46).

At length came the news of Naseby (June 15, 1645); and with it a great change for Baxter. A visit to Naseby field was followed by a visit to the Parliamentary Headquarters before Leicester. His ostensible purpose was to discover what he could about two or three old friends in the army; but there was something more behind. His deeper purpose was to find out what he could about the religious state of the army. For disquieting reports, growing ever more definite, had reached him, to the effect that Cromwell's soldiers were given up to all manner of subversive notions; and that Cromwell himself was either indifferent, or even actively sympathetic. And, to his horror, he found that, for once, report had fallen short of the truth. There is no room or need here to go into details. It is enough to note that Baxter, then and there, formed a grave resolution. The post of chaplain in his friend Colonel Whalley's regiment¹ was offered him; and, against his inclination, he decided to accept it. He did so in the temper of an enthusiast. He was sure that if the ministers generally had from the first taken and kept their due place among the soldiers, they could easily have nipped off the poisonous buds of false doctrine, one by one, as they appeared. This task the ministers had declined or else had grown weary of. Now alas! it might be too late. Now, if the ministers came forward, they might encounter, from the deluded soldiers, fierce resistance, or, at best, a cold welcome. Truly they had missed a golden opportunity. He, in his ignorance, had missed it too. But all the more reason why, even at the eleventh hour, he should do what he could. Baxter's courage, whenever duty seemed to call him, was invincible. He took no thought of personal consequences. And

¹ Baxter accompanied Whalley's regiment to most, if not all, of the places to which it went during the next two years. In this way, he saw much fighting. He was present at the battle of Langport (10 July, 1645); at the siege of Bridgwater (taken by storm 23 July); at the final assault of Bristol (11 September); at the siege of Exeter (surrendered 13 April, 1646); at that of Oxford (surrendered 24 June, 1646); at that of Banbury (for two months before its fall, 9 May, 1646); and at that of Worcester (apparently for the greater part of the eleven weeks before its capture on 22 June, 1646).

he had a most naïve confidence in his own powers of persuasion. On the other hand, he was very apt to overlook the real difficulties in front of him, and to underrate his enemy. Hence, the frequent failures which surprised him in the course of his many controversial adventures ; and his failure in this, his first adventure, was probably to himself the most surprising of all, "As soon as I came to the Army Oliver Cromwell coldly bid me welcome, and never spake one word to me more while I was there." He discovered the key to Cromwell's attitude when he heard that "his secretary gave out that there was a Reformer come to the Army to undeceive them, and to save Church and State, with some such other Jeers" (*R.B.*, Pt. I, p. 52). Nevertheless, he set himself, "from day to day, to find out the corruptions of the soldiers," and to counteract them. These corruptions, of course, were not vices of conduct, but faults of opinion. The former had short shrift in Cromwell's army. Opinion, however, was free to utter itself as it liked. And, complains Baxter, what it liked was to utter itself "sometimes for State Democracy and sometimes for Church Democracy ; sometimes against forms of Prayer and sometimes against Infant Baptism . . . sometimes against set times of Prayer, and against the tying of ourselves to any Duty before the Spirit move us ; and sometimes about Free-grace and Free-will, and all the points of Antinomianism and Arminianism. . . . But their most frequent and vehement Disputes were for Liberty of Conscience, as they called it, i.e. that the Civil Magistrate had nothing to do to determine of anything in Matters of Religion, by constraint or restraint, but every man might not only *hold* but *preach*, and *do*, in Matters of Religion, what he pleased ; that the Civil Magistrate hath nothing to do but with civil things, to keep the peace, and protect the Church's Liberties, etc." (*R.B.*, Pt. I, p. 53). It would not be fair to say that Baxter's disapproval extended to *all* these opinions. It certainly did not in equal degree. What most provoked him was the dogmatic ignorance of their advocates ; and what alarmed him was the threatened danger to law and order in Church and State. His own creed, political and ecclesiastical as well as theological, though not narrow, rested on strictly conservative foundations, and had no room for the revolutionary. To him, therefore, the outlook was terrifying if the army, or rather the Radicals of the army, got the upper hand. And he was forced to see them getting the upper hand more and more, while his own counteractive endeavours, on the whole, were

quite fruitless, outside Whalley's regiment. Indeed, if the last words he wrote on his unhappy experiment are to be taken seriously, he was becoming so obnoxious to some of the soldiers that, had he gone on longer, they were ready to kill him "in their fury" (*R.B.*, Pt. I, p. 59). Such were the conditions under which he wrote the *Saints' Everlasting Rest*. He was sick in body and mind. He was life-weary ; and turned to death as to a friend. His work, he thought, had been a failure. The work of others, who stood for what he conceived to be the cause of God, was also a failure, or on the way to failure. England lay under the judgment of God, and so long as she refused to repent of her sins the judgment would remain. But Baxter saw no sign of repentance ; and we, looking back, can see why. We can see that what he thought England's sins were, for the most part, just those manifestations of angry discontent with things as they were which expressed her striving, her birth-throes, towards a better world. Baxter was not the first man, nor the last, to take fright at such manifestations, and miscall them sins. It demands a kind of faith in human nature, and in God himself, which he did not possess, in order to be calm and hopeful amid whirlwinds of change. Baxter neither possessed that faith ; nor understood men, like Cromwell, who possessed it greatly. His own faith was strong ; was clear ; in certain ways, was broad and free ; but, at some vital points, it was sore hampered by formulæ—formulæ to which he clung, as if it were identical with the very substance of truth. Baxter's mental state, then, was not cheerful—was, indeed, somewhat morbid—when he began to write of the *Saints' Rest*. And this fact is noteworthy because it is really the key, in large measure, to his book. Melancholy, born of a sick body and mind, tinctures it more or less, throughout, and particularly some of its most characteristic passages.

1. Here is one, e.g. which shows how deeply the war had distressed him : "O the sad and heart-piercing spectacles that mine eyes have seen in four years' space ! In this fight, a dear friend fall down by me ; from another, a precious Christian brought home wounded or dead ; scarce a moneth, scarce a week without the sight or loss of blood. Surely there is none of this in heaven. Our eyes shall then be filled no more, nor our hearts pierced, with such fights as at Worcester, Edghil, Newbury, Nantwich, Montgomery, Horncastle, York, Naseby, Langport, etc. . . ." "What heart is not wounded to think on

Germanie's long desolations ?¹ O the learned Universities ! The flourishing churches there, that now are left desolate ! Look on *England's* four years' blood, a flourishing land almost made ruined ; hear but the common voice in most Cities, Towns, and Countreys through the Land, and judge whether here be no cause of sorrow ; Especially look but to the sad effects, and men's spirits grown more out of order, when a most wonderful Reformation by such wonderful means might have been expected. And is not this cause of astonishing sorrows ? Look to *Scotland*, look to *Ireland*, look almost anywhere and tell me what you see. Blessed that approaching day, when our eyes shall behold no more such sights ; nor our ears hear any more such tidings. How many hundred Pamphlets are Printed, full of almost nothing but the common calamities ? So that it's become a gainful trade to divulge the news of our Brethren's sufferings. And the fears for the future that possessed our hearts were worse than all that we saw and suffered. O the tydings that run from *Edghil fight*, of *York fight*, etc. How many a face did they make pale ? and how many a heart did they astonish ? Nay, have not many died with the fears of that which if they had lived they had neither suffered nor seen ? It's said of Melancthon, that the miseries of the Church made him almost neglect the death of his most beloved children. To think of the Gospel departing, the Glory taken from *Israel*, our Sun-setting at Noon-day, poor souls left willingly dark and destitute, and with great pains and hazard blowing out the light that should guide them to salvation ! What sad thoughts must these be ? To think of Christ removing His Family, taking away both worship and worshippers, and to leave the land to the rage of the merciless. These were sad thoughts. Who could then have taken the Harp in hand, or sung the pleasant Songs of Zion ? But blessed be the Lord who hath frustrated our fears ; and who will hasten the rejoycing day when Zion shall be exalted above the Mountains and her Gates shall be open day and night. . . . Thus shall we rest from our participation of our Brethren's sufferings.²

2. Among the "Excellencies of our Rest," which Baxter enumerates, one is this : "We shall then Rest from all our sad Divisions and un-

¹ Refers to the Thirty Years' War (1618-48).

² *S.E.R.*, Pt. I, chap. vii. § 15.

Christian-like quarrels with one another". In the margin¹ he says: "This was written upon the war in Scotland, the Death of Mr. Love,² the Imprisonment of many more, and an Ordinance for the Sequestering of all Ministers that would not go to God on their Errands, in Fasting and Prayer, or in Thanksgivings for their Successes. And an order made to put out all Ministers from all the cities, Market-Towns, and Garrisons, that subscribed not their Engagement." Baxter was very angry with Cromwell and his party for their conduct in what is called the Second Civil War. Cromwell's invasion of Scotland; his stern suppression of a Royalist plot in which Presbyterians—even Presbyterian divines like Rev. Christopher Love had a hand; his call upon the nation to observe days of prayer and fasting for the furtherance of his campaign and of thanksgiving for victories like Dunbar; his demand for a declaration of loyalty to a regicide Government—were crimes, in Baxter's view, almost past forgiveness. He had dreamed of a union between England and Scotland by means of which both lands, without strict uniformity, should enjoy all the benefits of the Gospel in a reformed Church.

"O what sweet idolizing thoughts of our future state had we in time of wars! What full content did I promise my soul when I should enjoy Peace, and see the Gospel set up in power and plenty, and all the ordinances in purity, and the true Discipline exercised in the churches, and ignorance cured, and all persecutions ceased, and the mouths of railers stopped, who kept men from Christ by filling the world with prejudice against Him? And now where is the Rest that I promised myself? Even that is my greatest grief from which I expected most Content. Instead of Peace we have more bloodshed; and such as is confessed to be the blood of Saints. The two nations that were bound in an Oath of Union, and where so great a part of the Interest of Christ on earth is contained (in regard of Purity of Doctrine and Worship) are dashing each other in pieces, and the souls of multitudes let out of their bodies by those that look to rejoyce with them for ever in Heaven. . . ."³

"O what a potent instrument for Satan is a misguided Conscience!"

¹ Not, however, in any edition (I think) earlier than the seventh (1658, "revised by the author").

² Executed on 22 August, 1651.

³ *S.E.R.*, Pt. II, chap. ix. § 1.

"O what hellish things are Ignorance and Pride that can bring men's souls to such a state as this!"¹

"That the same men, who would have travelled through reproaches many miles, to hear an able faithful minister, and not think the labor ill bestowed, should now become their bitterest enemies, and the most powerful hinderers of the success of their labors, and travel as far to cry them down! It makes me almost ready to say, O sweet, O happy days of persecution, which drove us together in a closure of Love! (we) who being now dried at the fire of Liberty and Prosperity are crumbled all into dust by our contentions. But it makes me seriously, both to say and to think: O sweet, O happy day of the Rest of the Saints in Glory! When, as there is one God, one Christ, one Spirit, so we shall have one Judgment, one Heart, one Church, one Imployment for ever! When there shall be no more Circumcision and Uncircumcision, Jew and Gentile, Anabaptist or Pædo baptist, Brownist, Separatist, Independent, Presbyterian, Episcopal; but Christ is All and in All. We shall not there scruple our communion, nor any of the Ordinances of Divine Worship. There will not be one for singing and another against it; but even those who here jarred in discord shall all conjoyn in blessed concord and make up one melodious Quire." . . . "Well, the fault may be mine and it may be theirs; or more likely both mine and theirs. But this rejoiceth me, that my old friends who now look strangely on me, will joyfully triumph with me in our common Rest."²

3. "We shall rest also from all our own personal sufferings"—is the title of another section. This "may seem a small thing to those that live in continual ease, and abound in all kind of prosperity". But such is not the case of the saints. "They live a dying life as full of sufferings as of days and hours." "Grief creeps in at our eyes, at our ears, and almost everywhere. It seizeth upon our head, our hearts, our flesh, our Spirits, and what part doth escape it? Fears do devour us, and darken our Delights, as the Frosts do nip the tender Buds. Cares do consume us and feed upon our Spirits, as the scorching Sun doth wither the delicate flowers." Such, at any rate, has been his own case, "who in ten or twelve years' time have scarce had a whole day free from some dolor. O the weary nights

¹ *S.E.R.*, Pt. I, chap. vii. § 13.

² *Id.*, Pt. I, chap. vii. § 14.

and days ! O the unseverable languishing weakness ! O the restless working vapors ! O the tedious nauseous medicines ! besides the daily expectations of worse ! And will it not be desirable to Rest from all these ?

“ There will be then no crying out, O my head, O my Stomack, or O my Sides, or O my Bowels. No, no ; sin and flesh and dust and pain, will all be left behind together. O what would we not give now for a little ease, much more for a perfect cure ? how then should we value that perfect freedom ? If we have some mixed comforts here, they are scarce enough to sweeten our crosses ; or if we have some short and smiling Intermissions, it is scarce time enough to breathe us in, and to prepare our tacklings for the next storm. If one wave pass by, another succeeds ; and if the night be over, and the day come, yet will it soon be night again.”¹

Such illustrations—which might be easily multiplied—seem to warrant what has been said, that the *Saints' Everlasting Rest* bears clear traces of its author's melancholy state of mind. If Baxter had written it, while in a state of inward serenity, no doubt its general outlines would have been the same, but certainly not its prevailing tone. If, e.g., he had written it some fourteen years later, when he composed that self-review (in his *Autobiography*²) which is the very mirror of a soul chastened and sweetened by experience, I am sure the tone would have been different. I am sure, especially, that his meditations of heaven would have been more free, here and there, from brain-sick fancies ; and that his terrific imaginations of hell would have been left out, or greatly modified. As it is, I think it might be possible to demonstrate that the *Saints' Everlasting Rest* did much to foster that unhealthy attitude to life and death which is so marked a characteristic of English piety, even the truest, in the eighteenth century.

Another feature of the book is remarkable. One would expect a discourse on Rest to be Restful. But restfulness is the last, and least, impression which it makes. Of course there are quiet resting-places. Almost the whole of chapter viii. in Part III—on “ Further Causes of Doubting Among Christians ”—is a quiet resting-place in green pastures and within the sound of still waters. But, speaking generally,

¹ *S.E.R.*, Pt. I, chap. vii. § 16.

² *R.B.*, Pt. I, pp. 130-8.

one feels as if afloat on a swift and swirling current which never gets clear of chafing obstacles. One is kept on the stretch and strain from end to end. And the reason is to be found in his theological position. He was neither a thorough-going Calvinist nor an avowed Arminian. He was, however, more of the latter than he knew. His first (published¹) book—*Aphorisms of Justification*—is the proof of this. Here, the doctrine of imputed righteousness, in the accepted Calvinistic sense, is met by a doctrine of Evangelical Righteousness which virtually overthrows it. Baxter had come to feel a horror of Antinomianism,² and of that one-sided conception of Divine grace which made it the chief mark of a Christian to leave everything to God. There were many around him who encouraged themselves in spiritual laziness, and even in moral laxity, by such doctrine. This led him to lay stress on the human element in salvation—especially on those moral claims of the Gospel, to which its grace was meant to be the strongest incentive. But, as often happens in cases of reaction, he went too far. While ascribing in so many words, the whole process of salvation to the prevenient, or efficient, grace of God, he so harps upon the call for strenuous and incessant toil that practically he makes salvation an entirely human achievement, and to the end a precarious one. I have often thought in reading some parts of the book that its motto might well be : "How hard it is to enter into the kingdom of heaven!" and have wondered if the effect of its perpetual urgency upon simple Christian souls was not inevitably to encourage a feeling of despair. Let me cite one example of my meaning. In Part III he has a chapter (vi.) entitled "An Exhortation to the Greatest Seriousness in Seeking Rest," and this is supported by "twenty lively rational considerations to quicken us to the greatest obligation that is possible"; then by "ten more very quickening considerations"; then by "ten more very quickening by way of question"; finally by "ten

¹ Published a year before the *Saints' Everlasting Rest*.

² "I confess I am an unreconcilable Enemy to their" (Antinomian) "doctrines; and so let them take me. I had as lieve tell them so as hide it. The more I pray God to illuminate me in these things, the more am I animated against them. The more I search after the truth in my studies the more I dislike them. The more I read their own books the more do I see the vanity of their conceits. But above all, when I do but open the Bible I can seldom meet with a leaf that is not against them" (*Confession of his Faith* (1655), p. 5).

more peculiar to the godly to quicken them". Following this is a chapter (vii.) "persuading all men to try their title to this Rest, and directing them in this trial". Hereupon he proceeds to open and expound "the nature of assurance or certainty of salvation". Further, he shows "how much, and what, the spirit doth to the producing it; and what Scripture, what Knowledge, what Faith, what Holiness and Evidences, what Conscience and internal sense, and what Reason or Discourse do in the work". Last, comes a chapter, 43¹ pages in length, which is occupied with "a more exact enquiry into the nature of sincerity"; and Directions—twelve or more—concerning the use of marks in self-examination; and a "Discovery" how far a man may go and not be saved. In the first section of this chapter he tells the reader that he himself, as a young Christian, lay in doubt and perplexity with regard to his sincerity for seven years; and that what he is about to say has been tested in his own experience. And certainly he says not a little that is helpful, while the last summarizing paragraphs are no less wholesome than true. But the reader asks: Why, O why, was he not content with the summary;² why did he think it necessary to argue and urge the matter in a way so sure to harass any sensitive and humble soul that might strive to follow his guidance?

A similar feeling springs up after reading in Part IV his rules for meditation. To himself meditation had grown to be "the delightfulest task . . . that ever men on earth were employed in". He

¹ In the tenth edition. It is 53 in the (less closely printed) fourth edition.

² Thus, the pith of it all is in the following:—

Pt. III, chap. viii. § 9. "Grace is never apparent and sensible to the Soul but while it is in Action. Therefore, want of Action must needs cause want of Assurance. . . . The fire that lieth still in the flint is neither seen nor felt, but when you smite it and force it into Act, it is easily discerned. . . . It is so with our graces. . . . Thou now knowest not whether thou have Repentance, or Faith, or Love, or Joy: why be more in the Acting of these and you will easily know it. . . . You may go seeking for the Hare or Partridge many hours, and never finde them while they lie close and stir not, but when once the Hare betakes himself to his legs, and the Bird to her wings, then you see them presently. So long as the Christian hath his Graces in lively Action, so long, for the most part, he is assured of them. How can you doubt that you love God in the Act of Loving? Or, whether you believe in the very Act of Believing? If, therefore, you would be assured, whether this sacred fire be kindled in your hearts, blow it up; get it into a flame and then you will know. Believe till you feel that you do believe; and Love till you feel that you Love."

would fain, therefore, win others to the use and enjoyment of it. But he conceives it, also, as an imperative duty. Indeed, its duty rather than its delight becomes the burden of his discourse. "Christians, I beseech you, as you take me for your Teacher, and have called me hitherto, so hearken to this Doctrin. If ever I shall prevail with you in anything let me prevail with you in this—to set your hearts where you expect a Rest and Treasure. Do you not remember that when you called me to be your Teacher, you promised me under your hands, that you would faithfully and conscionably endeavor the receiving every truth, and obeying every command, which I should from the Word of God manifest to you? I now charge your promise upon you; I never delivered to you a more apparent Truth, nor prest upon you, a more apparent duty then this."¹

Much that he goes on to say is excellent. Nothing better, as a guide to spiritual self-discipline has, I think, ever been written. But, *suo modo*, it is overdone. Whoever might set himself to perform the duty as Baxter sets it forth could not fail to faint and grow weary.² At a later time he came partially to see this. For in 1670, Mr. Giles Firmin, "a worthy minister that had lived in New England" (*R.B.*, Pt. III, p. 74), wrote a book in which he objected that Baxter screwed "weak ones too high in this duty of meditation".³ Baxter took it well—describes it as a "gentle reproof"—and admitted that it was not wholly undeserved. In his reply to Firmin he says: "I find, what long ago I found, that I was to blame that I observed no more the weakness and danger of melancholy persons when I first wrote it" (the *Saints' Rest*); "and that I was not more large in dissuading them from taking that to be their work which they cannot do. For I believe I have spoken with farre more then ever this Reverend Brother hath done (though he be a Physician) who have been disabled by Melancholy and other weakness of brain from this work: which made me so oft since give them such warning" (p. 27). So "I now add more particularly (lest I should injure any) that I take it (1) not to be the duty of a minister to leave his necessary Study, Preaching,

¹ *S.E.R.*, Pt. IV, chap. iii. § 2.

² See, e.g., Pt. IV, chap. xiii. "The abstract or sum of all for the sake of the weak," § 1.

³ *The Duty of Heavenly Meditation* reviewed by R. B. at the invitation of Mr. G. Firmin's Exceptions in his book entitled *The Real Christian*, 1671.

Prayer, etc., for this set meditation ; (2) nor for a magistrate to leave his necessary work of Government for it ; (3) nor for any man in active life to leave a necessary duty of his place for it ; (4) nor for any weak persons to stretch their braines beyond their abilitie to do what they cannot do. Greatest Duties must be preferred ; and men must endeavour prudently according to their capacity and power. And God will have mercy and not sacrifice."

This, of course, does not imply any yielding on Baxter's part as to the substance of what he had said ; but does qualify it with a dose of good sense.¹

We are not concerned here with Baxter's theology. I question, indeed, if his theology—at any rate as regards its bearing on the life to come—can any longer interest the modern mind. Our general attitude and outlook have so much changed. But it is relevant to note some signs of its influence on later developments.

1. His reiterated insistence on man's part in the work of salvation, and especially on the necessity of obedience to the Christian moral law, had much to do with the rapid decline of Antinomianism ; and with the growth of that "moralism" which took its place. As regards the latter, it is probable that Baxter would have been sorry to own any responsibility. But as regards the former he knew it and rejoiced. Writing about 1664 he says : "This sect of the Antinomians was so suddenly almost extinct that now they little appear and make no noise among us at all nor have done these many years". He ascribes its decline largely to the effect of his "controversial writings," but I am disposed to think that the stringent ethical temper of the *Saints' Rest* did even more. For a temper is more infectious than an argument ; and, moreover, for the scores who read the arguments there were hundreds who read the *Saints' Rest*.

2. The same ethical stringency, with its implied recognition of man's free power of choice, was of no small consequence in dissolving the current type of Calvinism. There are, indeed, places in the book where the language is Calvinistic enough to satisfy the most severe. The people of God (he asks)—who are they ?

"They are a small part of lost mankinde whom God hath from Eternity predestinated to this Rest, for the glory of His Mercey ; and

¹ Firmin wrote "a weak reply" which Baxter thought "not worthy of a rejoinder" (*R.B.*, Pt. III, p. 104).

given to his Son to be by him in a special manner Redeemed, and fully recovered from their lost estate, and advanced to this higher Glory ; all which, Christ doth in due time accomplish, accordingly, by himself for them, by his Spirit upon them.¹

But the mental attitude which inspired his preaching took no account at all of such doctrine. He addressed men from first to last as, somehow, masters of their fate. If he harboured any real doubt of this, the greater portion of the book is more than meaningless—it is a grotesque impertinence. Nay, it is a ghastly exhibition of make-believe. But he had no doubt. His Calvinism was a theory which the logical part of him did not permit him to deny in so many words, but his conscience asserted the contrary with irresistible vehemence. His real voice may be heard in such words as these : “ If we are drawn by natural operations as by ropes, like things that have no life, then it is in vain to talk of Voluntary and Involuntary ; nor do I understand that to be a living creature whose power of Desire is subject to Destiny ”. And he supports himself on Clement of Alexandria who had said : “ But for us who have learned from the Scripture that God hath given men to choose and avoid things by a Free and Absolute power, let us rest in the Judgment of Faith which cannot be moved or fail us : manifesting a cheerful and ready spirit because we have chosen life ”.²

Here we may see the position which earned for him the name of Baxterian—a position accepted by many of the later Puritans, especially those of the Presbyterian tradition, and through them by a majority of the eighteenth century Nonconformists as well as many Churchmen. Perhaps it is not too much to say that it approximates to the position of most thoughtful Christians at the present day.

3. The *Saints' Rest*, strange to say, discloses Baxter as, in no uncertain sense, a Rationalist. Thus, the opening sentences of Pt. III, are these :—

“ Whatsoever the Soul of man doth entertain must make its first entrance at the understanding ; which must be satisfied, first, of its Truth, and secondly of its goodness, before it find any further admittance. If this porter be negligent, it will admit of anything that bears but the face or name of Truth and goodness ; but if it be faithful and diligent in its office, it will examine strictly and search to the quick.

What is found deceitful, it casteth out, that it go no further ; but what is found to be sincere and currant, it letteth into the very heart, where the Will and Affections do with welcome entertain it, and by concoction (as it were) incorporate it into its own substance."¹

This describes his uniform standpoint. He professes to believe nothing until it has passed the test of Reason, or understanding. He is not happy (in the first Pt., chap. vi.) until he has established that "this Rest tried by nine Rules in Philosophy or Reason" is "found by all to be the most excellent State in general" ; nor is he content (in Pt. IV), until he has shown, to his own satisfaction, that Reason accords with all he says concerning the practice of meditation ; and in Pt. II, his single aim is to demonstrate the rationality of his thesis, that Scripture is the Word of God. It is true that Reason, having done this, on a basis of external evidence, at once retires into the background. "I will believe anything in the world which I know certainly that God speaks or Revealeth : though the thing itself be ever so unreasonable. For I have Reason to believe (or rather to know) that all is True which God revealeth how improbable so ever to flesh and blood" (Preface to Pt. II). Hence it became easy for him to accept, e.g. all the Biblical miracles, and the popular belief in witchcraft. Biblical sanction, in each case, was final. But still his genuine respect for Reason was such as could lead him to say : "He that hath the best and rightest Reason, and by consideration maketh the most use of it, is the best Christian and doth God best service ; and all sin is . . . for want of right reason and using it by consideration".² Accordingly, he felt himself free to indulge a drastic criticism of those who fetched materials for their creed from (so-called) authorities outside the Bible. Repudiating all such authorities, he would require no more from any man than to subscribe the Bible as it stands and as a whole. "Two things have set the Church on fire, and been the plagues of it above one thousand years : (1) Enlarging our Creed and making more fundamentals than ever God made ; (2) composing (and so imposing) our Creeds and Confessions in our own words and phrases.

"When Men have learned more manners and humility than to accuse God's language as too general and obscure (as if they could mend it) and have more dread of God and compassion on themselves, then

¹ *S.E.R.*, Pt. III, chap. i. § 1.

² Pt. II, Preface.

to make those to be Fundamentals, or certainties, which God never made so ; and when they reduce their Confessions (1) to their due extent, and (2) to Scripture phrase (that Dissenters may not scruple subscribing) then, and (I think) never till then, shall the Church have Peace about Doctrinals."¹

This drew upon him, as it did upon Chillingworth, a charge of Socinianism. It was, indeed, by no means the attitude of the "orthodox," who took it for a sign of grace to receive without question the whole sum of traditional faith (so far as Protestant) including the Bible itself. And the frequency with which Baxter is quoted, as against such an attitude, by the theological progressives of the next generation, particularly the Arians, is proof of his influence in promoting that rationalistic movement whose issue went far beyond what he intended, or would have approved.

II

We will now turn to the book itself. The first edition was licensed for publication on 15 January, 1649-50, by Rev. Joseph Caryl, and was printed in London by Rob. White for Thomas Underhill and Francis Tyton. It bears the title, which later editions repeated without change, "*The—Saints' Everlasting Rest—or, a—Treatise—of the Blessed State of the Saints—in their enjoyment of God in Glory—Wherein is showed its Excellency and Certainty—the Misery of those that lose it, the way to Attain it—and Assurance of it ; and how to live in the continual—delightful Forecasts of it, by the help of Meditation.*"

"Written by the Author for his own use, in the—time of his languishing, when God took him off—from all Publike Employment ; and afterwards—Preached in his weekly Lecture—and now published by *Richard Baxter*, Teacher—of the Church of *Kederminster* in *Worcestershire*."²

¹ *Saints' Rest*, Pt. II, Preface.

² Then, the texts Ps. lxxiii. 16 ; 1 Cor. xv. 19 ; Col. iii. 2, 3, 4 ; John xiv. 19. *London*, printed for *Thomas Underhill* and *Francis Tyton*, and are to be sold at the Blue Anchor and Bible in *Paul's Churchyard*, near the little North-Door, and at the three Daggers in Fleet Street, in the Inner Temple Gate, 1650. "Baxter's copy of the *Saints' Rest* with his inscription is a treasured possession of the Corporation of our Town. It lies in

There is a dedication of the whole "to my dearly beloved Friends, the Inhabitants of the Burrough and Forreign¹ of Kidderminster—a very tender, grateful and candid utterance." The work consists of four parts, and each part has its separate dedication; the first to Sir Thomas Rous, Bt., with the Lady Jane Rous his wife, of Rous Lench, about ten miles East of Worcester; the second, "to my Dearly beloved Friends, the inhabitants of Bridgnorth, both Magistrates and People" . . . "in testimony of my unfeigned love to them who were the first to whom I was sent to publish the Gospel"; the third "to my Dearly beloved Friends—the Inhabitants of the City of Coventry, both Magistrates and People, especially Coll. John Barker, and Coll. Thomas Willoughby, late Governours, with all the Officers and Souldiers of their Garrison"; the fourth "to my dearly beloved Friends in the Lord, the inhabitants of the Town of Shrewsbury, both magistrates, ministers, and People, as also of the Neighbouring Parts". . . . "As a testimony of his Love to his Native Soyl, And to his many Godly and Faithful Friends there living."

In one place² he tells us how the book grew into four parts. After treating of the nature, character, and excellencies of the *Saints' Rest*, in the first part, he reflected that the Saints too commonly are indifferent to their great inheritance. Hence he went on to write what became Pt. IV—consisting of a "Directory" "to the Delightful Habit of Contemplation". It begins properly with chap. iii., but to clear the ground he "premised" chap. i.—"Reproving our Expectations of Rest on Earth," and chap. ii.—"Reproving our Unwillingness to Die". Then, when the work seemed complete, it struck him that he had overlooked the most radical cause of indifference to a future life, viz.: "A secret, lurking, unbelief in its reality". He remembered that he himself had "oft suffered" by "assaults" "in that point"; and that his own doubts had ebbed and flowed according to the measure of his faith in the divine authority of the Scriptures. So he proceeded to write Part II which advances reasons for accepting.

the Mayor's Parlour with the ancient Deeds and Parchments of the Borough, preserved in a large Glass Case."—Note by Mr. William F. Baillie, of the Free Library, Kidderminster.

¹ "Foreign" is still in use as a term for a part of the parish which lies outside the Borough—and so to some extent outside its control. If this carries with it certain drawbacks it means (or meant) lower rates!

² The Premonition.

the Bible as an infallible Revelation (*inter alia*) of man's immortality. The third part was added last—though in time for the first edition : “the four first Chapters for the use of sensual and secure sinners, if any of them should happen to read this book ; the last three for the godly, to direct and comfort them in affliction, and specially to persuade them to the great duty of helping to save their brethrens' souls ; the seven middle Chapters for the use both of the Godly and the ungodly, as being of unspeakable concernment to all”.

Thus, strictly speaking, the book is not one book but four. Moreover, within each of the four—particularly Pt. III—there are what amount to separate Treatises on such subjects as the doctrine of Justification and Sincerity, and the sufferings of the lost. All these digressions from his main theme seemed to Baxter to have some important bearing upon it ; and several of them are, indeed, among the most interesting things in the volume. But they constrain one to share his own regret that he had missed the discipline of a regular University training. Undue, and not seldom unbounded, discursiveness was always his chief literary fault—a fault which the firm hand of some severe and competent tutor in his early years might have cured, or, at least, checked. As it was, the fault grew upon him increasingly, just because he appears to have been unconscious of it.

Baxter also informs us as to when and where the several parts¹ were written. During the siege of Worcester in the late spring and early summer of 1646, he was quartered at Rous Lench—a happy time, varied by a brief visit to Kidderminster. Then when his regiment removed into Leicestershire, Staffordshire, and Derbyshire he went with it. By the time he reached Derbyshire winter had come

¹ Each part has its own title-page.

- Thus: (2) The *Saints' Everlasting Rest*—the Second Part—containing the Proofs of the Truth and certain futurity of our Rest, and that the Scripture, promising that Rest to us, is the perfect infallible Word and Law of God.
- (3) The *Saints' Everlasting Rest*—the Third Part—containing Several Uses of the former Doctrine of Rest.
- (4) The *Saints' Everlasting Rest*—the Fourth Part—containing a Directory for the getting and keeping of the Heart in Heaven : by the Diligent Practice of that Excellent unknown Duty of Heavenly Meditation. Being the main thing intended by the Author, in the writing of this Book ; and to which all the rest is but Subservient.

on ; and " at Melbourne¹ in the edge of Derbyshire," the " cold and snowy " weather proved too much for him. He fell ill. His wish was to get home (i.e. to Kidderminster) : for he was among strangers ; but weakness forced him to stay. At the end of three weeks, however, he managed to reach Mr. Nowell's² house at Kirby-Mallory in Leicestershire, " where with great kindness he was entertained " another three weeks. By that time Lady Rous had heard of his condition and insisted upon his being removed to Rous Lench. Here, by dint of " the greatest care and tenderness," he gradually regained some strength ; and, after three months, made his way home. As to the *Saints' Rest*, he began it at Sir John Cook's ; continued it at Mr. Nowell's ; " bestowed upon it all the time he could at Rous Lench ; and finished it shortly after at Kidderminster." This is Baxter's own statement. More precisely, it can be said that Parts I, II, and IV were finished at Rous Lench ; and that what he added at Kidderminster was a portion of Part III.³ His dedicatory letter to Sir Thomas and Lady Rous⁴ breathes warm gratitude but no flattery.

¹ Melbourne Hall was the seat of Sir John Coke (Cooke), son of the Sir John who had been " Secretary of State in King James the First's " time. He succeeded his father in 1643 and died at Paris in 1650. A descendant, Charlotte Cooke (Coke), was the mother of Sir Peniston Lambe, Bart., created Baron Melbourne of Kilmore, May, 1770 (see Nichol's *History of Leicestershire*, Vol. III, Pt. II, p. 783 ff.).

² This would be Verney Noel (Nowell) " the second but eldest surviving son " of William Noel (*d.* 25 March, 1641). He " was advanced in the dignity of a Baronet on 6 July, 1660 " ; and died in 1669. His younger brother, Andrew of Congeston, Leicestershire, married a " daughter of Sir Rous of Rous Lench ". There was thus a connexion between the Rous and the Noel families—which might explain how Lady Rous came to hear of Baxter's condition as well as Mr. Nowell's " great kindness " (see Nichol's *History and Antiquities of Leicestershire*, Vol. IV, Pt. II, p. 766).

³ We know for certain that Part IV came next after Part I (of which he speaks in the Introduction as " the former part ").

Further, we learn from a Preface " to the Reader," which stood before the first edition of Part II, that this was written " where he had not the benefit of a Library " (meaning his own).

Hence Part II was written at Rous Lench, and so, therefore, was Part IV.

This bears out what Baxter says that " almost all the Book was written when I had no Book but a Bible and a Concordance " (*R.B.*, Pt. I, p. 108).

⁴ The ancestral home of these Puritan gentlefolk stood near the top of the hill on which Rous village is situated ; and is described as " ancient,

"In your house," he says, "I found an Hospital, a Physician, a Nurse, and real Friends, and (which is more than all) daily and importunate Prayer for my Recovery, and since I went from you kindnesses have still followed me in abundance. Such behaviour towards a mere Stranger called for all his gratitude and had it." But he goes on to add: "The best return I can make of your love is in commending this Heavenly duty to your Practice; wherein I must entreat you to be the more diligent and unwearied, because as you may take more time for it then the poor can do, so have you far stronger temptations to divert you; it being extremely difficult for those that have fullness of all things here, to place their happiness really in another life, and to set their hearts there as the place of their Rest—which yet must be done by all that will be saved. Study Luke xii. 16-22, and xvi. 19-25; Matt. vi. 21."

In one thing Baxter never fell short, viz. sincerity.

So far the first edition. For the second Baxter wrote what he called "a Premonition,"¹ dated 17 May, 1651. Instead of the comparatively short address "to the Reader," which preceded Part II, he wrote an elaborate essay by way of confuting "Unbelievers, Anti-scripturists, and Papists"; or establishing "the Orthodox".

Some passages which had given offence "by touching on the late publike quarrels"² he modified. A chapter (the ninth), which he had "forgotten," was added to Part II. Another chapter, the lengthy one about the "Nature of Sincerity," was added to Part III. Many slighter alterations were also made, especially in Parts I and II; and the few quotations from memory, and the Bible, which he had put into the margin of the first edition were supplemented—in a few instances

large, and built round a court" (Nash's *Worcestershire*, Vol. II, pp. 84, 85).

Lench is said to be a salt-mining term and to mean a shelf of rock. There is a bunch of Lenches in the same district.

Sir Thomas was Sheriff of Worcestershire in 1654 (*R.B.*, Pt. I, p. 110).

- ¹ This relates (1) the alterations and additions to the second edition;
 (2) the method of the book;
 (3) some objections which had been made against it;
 (4) its main design.

² There are several of these, but the chief, I think, may be found in § 13 of chap. vii. Pt. I, where the changes as compared with the first edition are very curious.

replaced—by a crowd of exact citations from many scores of authors.”¹ These vividly evidence the range and variety of his reading. In particular, they indicate a close acquaintance with the “Fathers”—Cyprian, Tertullian, Augustine, Origen, Clement of Alexandria, Athanasius; a decided preference for Augustine and Clement; a facile knowledge of mediæval scholastic writers, including Thomas Aquinas, and of the more recent Protestant theologians; strangest of all, an ardent admiration of Seneca whom he quotes at every turn. Of pure literature one could hardly expect any trace; nor is it probable that Baxter ever read much outside theology. But he appreciated George Herbert and closes the whole work with one of his poems besides quoting him several times in the text.

After the second edition the changes introduced were, on the whole, few and slight. An exception² to this is an addition to the eleventh

¹ Of these he says (Premonition):—

“I have added many Marginal quotations, especially of the Ancients: which though some may conceive to be useless, and others to be merely for vain ostentation, yet I conceived useful both for the sweetness of the matter (concerning which I refer you to the perusal: to me it seemed so in the Reading) as also to free myself from the charge of singularity.”

I have counted quotations from at least 150 writers. Henry Stubbs (“Essay in Defence of the Good Old Cause”—1659) calls Baxter a “Retailer of other men’s learning and Quoter of Quotations” (p. 43); and speaks contemptuously of his learning: of Hebrew he knew about as much as he could acquire by “two or three days’ study”; he wrote “false Latine” as John Husse was accused of doing, and if Husse deserved to burn for it so did Baxter; and he knew little or nothing of Greek (pp. 17-18, 34). This last charge was perhaps near the truth. For I notice that he quotes Clement of Alexandria in an English translation, and that when he has occasion to quote what Socrates said “being near death” he does so from Cicero (*Apud* “Platonem, Cicerone interprete,” Pt. II, Preface).

² Another exception occurs in the fourth edition (1653), Part I, chap. viii. § 2.

Here is inserted a note (of two pages) which begins:—

“Reader, understand that since I wrote this I begin to doubt of the soundness of what is expressed in the four next foregoing pages—which I am not ashamed to acknowledge, but ashamed that I published it so rashly.” He has been brought at least to a partial change of mind; and this note is added “to let you know that I would not have you take these two leaves as my judgement, and herein to let you see how unsafe is it for Ministers to be too bold and confident in such unsearchable difficulties, and how unsafe for private Christians to build too much on men’s judgement in such points, which further knowledge may cause them to retract.”

The question at issue (whether Regeneration, effectual Vocation, and

chapter of Part III, first made at the end of the fifth edition (1654), and a further addition to this in the form of an address to the Reader at the end of the 7th edition (dated 15 Jan., 1657). The most interesting change is one which, I think, is generally known. In the 1st edition, p. 86, Baxter wrote :—

"I think Christian, this will be a more honourable Assembly then you ever here beheld ; and a more happy society than you were ever of before. Surely Brooke and Pim and Hambden and White, etc., are now members of a more knowing, unerring, well-ordered, right ayming, self-denying, unanimous, honourable, triumphant Senate then this from which they are taken is, or ever Parliament will be. It is better to be a doorkeeper to that Assembly whether Twisse, etc., are translated then to have continued here the Moderator of this. That is the true *Parliamentum Beatum*, the Blessed Parliament, and that is the only Church that cannot erre."

"In all Impressions of the Book" subsequent to 1659 (i.e. in the 9th edition (1662) and onwards) the names of the Lord Brooke, Pim, and Hambden were blotted out, "not," says Baxter, "as changing my judgment of the persons," but as perceiving "the need" "of taking away" something which certain men "might stumble at".¹ For John

Sanctification are all one thing) is of no interest to us ; but the note well illustrates the writer's careful sincerity, modesty, and open-mindedness. In the same section there is another long passage against Baptismal Regeneration which he afterwards omitted.

To the 7th edition (1658) and the following is prefixed an engraved hieroglyphic title-page.

¹ *R.B.*, Pt. III, p. 177. He actually omitted the whole of the passage as just quoted. But this did not save him from the sort of gentry he had in mind. Writing about 1677 he says : "In June, 1676, Mr. Jane, the Bishop of London's Chaplain, Preaching to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, turned his Sermon against Calvin and Me ; and My charge was *That I had sent as bad men to Heaven as some that be in Hell*, because in my book I had said that I thought of Heaven with the more pleasure because I should meet there with *Peter, Paul, Austin, Chrysostom, Jerom, Wickliff, Luther, Zuingline, Calvin, Beza, Bullinger, Zanchy, Parsons, Piscator, Hooper, Bradford, Latimer, Glover, Sanders, Philpot, Reynolds, Whitaker, Cartwright, Bayne, Bradshaw, Bolton, Ball, Hildersham, Pemble, Twisse, Ames, Preston, Sibbs, Brook, Pim, Hambden*.

"Which of these the Man knew to be in Hell I cannot conjecture : it's like those that differed from him in judgment." It might have occurred to Baxter that his list, consisting of those with whom he agreed, exposed him to suspicion of a similar onesidedness *by its omissions*.

Hampden especially he retained the profoundest esteem—a man “that Friends and Enemies acknowledged to be most Eminent for Prudence, Piety, and Peaceable Counsels”.

I have already said that the *Saints' Rest* could have no chance of becoming popular in the same degree as *Pilgrim's Progress*. Its size alone stood in the way. Yet *Pilgrim's Progress* with its 11th edition in 1688, ten years after the 1st, is run pretty close by the *Saints' Rest* with its twelve editions before the author's death in 1691. How many copies went to an edition is not easy to say ; but it would seem that the number was not less than 1500¹—which means a circulation of 18,000 for the twelve editions : surely a remarkable phenomenon. It is significant that the first eight editions came out at the rate almost of one a year. These years (1650-59) cover the period when the Puritan spirit, which the book so powerfully expresses, was in the ascendant. The 9th edition appeared in 1662—three years after the 8th, years of Puritan decline. The 10th did not appear till 1669. The 11th is dated 1671 ; while the 12th, dated 1688, seventeen years later, marks a very slow sale. Evidently the book was ceasing to attract the religious public. In fact, as we know, the religious public had reached the point of caring but little for religion in Baxter's sense of the word, i.e. in the sense of an inward, spiritual, unworldly life. Religion by 1688 had become, largely, another name for ecclesiastical or doctrinal formalism. The chilling régime of Deism had set in. Religion as something divine in man was discredited, and dubbed enthusiasm. No wonder, therefore, if disgust was taken at what would be felt as the high-pitched enthusiasm of the *Saints' Rest*. I can adduce no concrete proof ; but I should say that the book, in its complete form, found few, if any, readers—or at least buyers—after 1690.²

¹ See *infra.*, note on p. 477.

² Baxter says (*R.B.* Pt. I, p. 115) that its “success” went “beyond all the rest” of his writings, not excepting his *Call to the Unconverted*, of which “about 20,000” copies were printed “in a little more than a year”. He is referring, of course, to its influence, not its sale. Of its influence in particular cases, the Rev. Benjamin Fawcett, writing in 1758, cites some illustrations from the period previous to that year (see Preface to his edition). Dr. Grosart adds to these the case of the Duke of Wellington whose copy of the *Saints' Rest* was shown to him a short time after the Duke's death, “with a corner of a leaf turned down to mark the place where the great

Not only its theme but its handling of the theme, tended to kill its influence. Anyhow, it is a fact that there is scarcely a traceable mention of it between 1690 and 1754, by which time the Methodist movement was in full swing, and had revived a state of mind to which the book was once more congenial. Indeed, it was John Wesley himself who recalled attention to it. Among the many monuments of that great man's industry not the least marvellous is what he named a "Christian Library," consisting of copious extracts from Christian writers; or, in some cases, complete reprints of particular works. His range of selection was dictated by nothing more narrow than the fitness of a writing to promote Christian life or faith, and is a striking testimony to Wesley's catholic sympathy¹ as well as to his richly cultivated literary taste. It may serve to remind us that there were two John Wesleys, the fervent Evangelist and the ardent Scholar. The two might seem to be incompatible; but the "Christian Library" shows that in him as in Paul, and many another, fervent religion can be a reasonable service. So it is not surprising that he devoted a volume to Baxter. If you consult the first edition of the Library, extending to fifty volumes, it is Vol. 37. This comprises 442 pages and is all taken from the *Saints' Rest* [including most of the General Dedication, the first six chapters of Pt. I (with the conclusion), the first twelve chapters of Pt. III, and

Soldier had 'left off' on departing for Walmer Castle" (*Annotated List of Baxter's Writings*, p. 10).

Readers of George Eliot may recall her reference in *The Mill on the Floss* (chap. xii.): "Mrs. Glegg walked across the room to the small book-case, and took down Baxter's *Saints' Everlasting Rest*, which she carried with her upstairs. It was the book she was accustomed to lay open before her on special occasions: on wet Sunday mornings, or when she heard of a death in the family, or when, as in this case, her quarrel with Mr. Glegg had been set an octave higher than usual." Had its mere presence (like that of the Bible) come to have the effect on some minds of a spiritual stimulant, or sedative? Apparently Mrs. Glegg did not read it.

¹ It is a pleasure to quote the following from Wesley's Preface to Samuel Clark's *Lives* (Vol. 15 in Christian Library Edition, 1822). "§ 4. Perhaps it may be useful as well as agreeable to those who have broken loose from that miserable bigotry which is too often entailed upon us from our forefathers, to observe how the same spirit works the same work of grace in men upright of heart, of whatever denomination. These, how widely soever they differ in opinion, all agree in one mind, one temper. How far distant soever they are from one another with regard to the circumstances of worship, they all meet in the substance of all true worship—the faith that worketh by love."

the first ten of Pt. IV (with conclusions)]. The omissions are of those portions which to Wesley might appear irrelevant, or too personal, or of transient interest.

From a similar standpoint was made that abridgment which has had the greatest vogue ; and, indeed, has been the only form of the *Saints' Rest* known to most people. It was made by the Rev. Benjamin Fawcett, minister of the Nonconformist Church of Kidderminster at a period when that Church could claim to be the single historical representative of Baxter in the town.

Its preface is dated Kidderminster, 25 December, 1758, and Mr. Fawcett's account of it is as follows : " In reducing it to this smaller size I have been very desirous to do justice to the author, and at the same time promote the pleasure and profit of the serious reader. And, I hope, these ends are in some measure answered ; chiefly by dropping things of a digressive, controversial, or metaphysical nature ; together with prefaces, dedications, and various allusions to some peculiar circumstances of the last age ; and particularly by throwing several chapters into one, that the number of them may better correspond with the size of the volume ; and sometimes by altering the form, but not the sense, of a period, for the sake of brevity ; and when an obsolete phrase occurred, changing it for one more common and intelligible.

" I should never have thought of attempting this work if it had not been suggested and urged by others, and by some very respectable names, of whose learning, judgment, and piety I forbear to avail myself. However defective this performance may appear, the labour of it (if it may be called labour) has been, I bless God, one of the most delightful labours of my life." The first edition (of date 1 January, 1759) names Salop (Shrewsbury) as the place where it was printed—by J. Colton and I. Eddowes ; and it was to be " sold by J. Buckland at the Buck in Paternoster Row ; T. Field at the Wheatsheaf, the Corner of Paternoster Row, Cheapside ; and E. Oilly at the Rose and Crown in the Poultry, London ".¹

¹ Kidderminster, as a place of sale, is not mentioned. On the title-page is a quotation from Baxter's Preface to Scudder's *Christian's Daily Walk* : " I think it of great Service to the Souls of Men to call them to the Notice and Use of such a Treatise as this, and to bring such old and excellent writings out of Oblivion and the Dust."

The effect of Mr. Fawcett's enterprise was to give the *Saints' Rest* a new lease of life on an extended scale. A 13th edition, issued by W. Baynes, 54 Paternoster Row in 1814,¹ is a sign of this. Ten years later, 1824,² Fawcett's version formed Vol. I of a series entitled "Select Christian Authors" which was published at Edinburgh. It had the distinction of being introduced by an Essay from the pen of Thomas Erskine, Esq., advocate—better known as Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen, the saintly layman who did so much to enlighten and sweeten the Scottish Evangelical mind of his day. The Essay is appreciative, but by no means unqualified in its praise. Baxter's limitation of Free Grace, and dilation on the sufferings of the lost were points, especially, which Erskine, author of *The Unconditional Freeness of the Gospel*, was sure to dislike. Whether by the merit of Baxter's thoughts, or Erskine's Essay, or both, one cannot say; but the volume commended itself so far as to reach a 5th edition in five years, i.e. in 1829. Then, in that year, a further edition of Fawcett appeared in Manchester—the printers and publishers being R. & J. Gleave, top of Market St., and No. 191 Deansgate. Also, in the same year, an abridgment of *Fawcett* came out from Fisher, Son & Jackson, London.³ Its editor was Isaac Crewdson, who signs the preface "Ardwick, Manchester"; and says "he has been induced to present this compendium to the public, in the hope that, being reduced to a smaller compass, it may find its way into a still wider circle." The hope was fulfilled: for by 1838 it had run into its 33rd thousand

¹ Eighth edition, 1803; 9th (corrected) 1807; 11th, 1810.

Edition 13 is also said to be "corrected," and there is a quotation from W. Wilberforce, M.P., which is called a "Recommendation". It has no exclusive reference to the *Saints' Rest*, but commends this, and Baxter's Practical Works generally. The corrections seem to be chiefly verbal. Another edition, "printed for the Book Society for promoting Religious Knowledge, and sold at their depositary, No. 19 Paternoster Row," has no date.

² A new edition of (Fawcett?) appeared at *Romsey*, 1816, another at *Derby*, 1819. (These I have not seen.)

³ In 1838 the publishers were "Harvey & Darton: Darton & Clark London; and G. Simms and W. Ellerby, Manchester".

Here may be mentioned "Selections from Jeremy Taylor, Whole Duty of Man, Baxter, Lord Bacon, and Clarendon," by Edward S. Bosanquet, "Plaistow, 30 March, 1840".

Next to Jeremy Taylor, Baxter is given the most space, and the Selections are, I think, all taken from the *Saints' Rest*.

and an 11th edition.¹ But the unabridged Fawcett still held its own ; and, in 1856, found a new publisher in T. Nelson & Sons. Perhaps this is the edition which has sold more widely than any other—unless we except the one published by Scott & Webster, Charterhouse Square, London, in their “English Classic Library.” Then, in 1866, Wm. Tegg, London, published the original with a preliminary Essay by John Morison, D.D. Pt. II is curtailed and the General Dedication omitted ; otherwise it is the complete book. Complete, in about the same degree, is the edition, in two volumes, published by Griffith, Farran, Oxenden & Welsh, in their “Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature (1887)”. Less complete is an edition by William Young, B.A., of which the preface is signed 7 August, 1907, Bramhall, Cheshire. This exists in two forms—one published by E. Grant Richards, London, beautifully printed with a vellum back (brown) and stiff paper (grey) boards ;² the other a reprint by the Religious Tract Society without date. It omits chapter viii. in Part I, chapters i.-vii. in Part II ; the whole of Part III, chapters iv., vii., ix. in Part IV ; also, the General Dedication—except one passage ; the Premonition ; and the long Preface to Part II.

“The present edition,” says Mr. Young, “is unlike any other

¹ In the “advertisement” to this edition it is said : “As the Editor seeks no pecuniary emolument from this work, but issues it solely for the sake of promoting the best interests of his fellow-men ; and, as he believes it may be read with advantage by all classes of the community, he feels bold to solicit those who unite in this view to aid in its circulation . . . anyone inclined to print this work may apply to the editor for the use of the stereotype Plates.

“The prices are—Boards 1s. each ; for 50 copies, 11d. each.

		100	10d.	
Cloth 1s. 3d.	50	1s. 2d.	each,	
	100	1s. 1d.		

French editions of Crewdson appeared as follows :—

Baxter (Richard). *Le repos éternel des saints* [Crewdson]. Presbyterian Board.

— *Le repos éternel des saints* . . . Abrégé par I. Crewdson. Traduit sur la 5^e édition.

Paris, J. J. Risler, 1833, 18mo, pp. 292.

— 2^e édition.

Paris, 1839, 18mo.

— [Another édition.]

Toulouse, Société des Livres Religieux, 1859, 18mo.

² An inset before the first page names the price, 7s. 6d. net.

which has been published ; and will, it is hoped, fill a place which **has** long been vacant. It has some features which ought to commend it to those who would like to see a great religious classic treated with the same consideration and scrupulous care as any other famous literary work." Yet it exhibits one or two strange mistakes. Thus, as if he had not seen the first edition, Mr. Young says that the second contained three *new* dedications. Again, he says that the 12th edition in 1688 was the first to appear with a portrait of the author taken in his fifty-fifth year, the fact being, as Dr. Grosart had pointed out,¹ that this portrait "is sometimes inserted" in the 11th edition of 1671 (or 1677). Once more, he says that editions, after the 12th, continued to appear at somewhat longer intervals—a fact of which no one else seems to be aware.

Besides these English editions I have met with a reprint of Fawcett's abridgment in Welsh by the Rev. Thomas Jones (dated 1790) ; also, with one in Gaelic by the Rev. John Forbes, minister of Sleat, dated "Mansa Sláit," 1862. But a more interesting edition is one belonging to the year 1797, and emanating from J. Chambers & Co., Aberdeen. It is a quarto volume, quite distinct from Fawcett's work ; and with a fairly full life of Baxter, along independent lines, by an anonymous hand. With comparatively slight omissions it includes the whole of the original,² and runs to 463 pages. The striking feature, however, is the list of subscribers, printed between the Dedication to Sir Thomas Rous and Part I. The list covers several pages in double columns and represents close upon a thousand copies.³ Here and there is an entry like this : Mr. Green, Methodist Preacher ; David Howie, Student ; Rev. Mr. Leith, Minister, Towie ; Rev. Mr. McBean, Alves ; Mr. Spence, Minister, Glenbucket. Or, an entry like this, George Miles, Bookseller, in Dundee, ninety-four copies. But not many required more than one copy ; and most of the subscribers were of the labouring or trading class. No one is designated "gentle-

¹ *Annotated Lists of Baxter's Writings*, p. 10.

² It has the General and Particular Dedications ; the Premonition.

Pt. I, chaps. i.-viii.

„ II, „ i.-x.

„ III, „ i.-xiv.

„ IV, the whole, including appendices.

³ The price is not given.

man".¹ Bearing in mind the date (1797), and the fact that it falls within the period when a strong evangelical movement was beginning to spread over Scotland, under the influence of the Haldanes,² this revival of interest in Baxter is explained. There may be other editions³ unknown to me, and I have said nothing about the circulation of the *Saints' Rest* in the Colonies or America because as yet I know nothing. But enough about its history has been presented, I think, to warrant the assertion that the book is not dead. In fact, I venture to say that, making full allowance for its outworn theology, so much of it is richly human, or sprang from an experience inspired of God, that it cannot wholly die. Its theology is not more antiquated than that of the *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Paradise Lost* or *Regained*; yet both these are alive because of elements in them which are vital. For a like reason the *Saints' Rest* is alive, although the vital elements may not be quite the same.

Baxter was an object of many slanderous reports—few more so—and one of these charged him with growing rich at the expense of his publishers. Nay, it said that the booksellers in order to make any profit out of his books had to sell them "at excessive rates". He was not content, it was alleged, with less than "a return" of £300 or £400 a year at least. The story seems to have been bruited first in

¹ The variety of occupation is remarkable—mason, weaver, tailor, shoemaker, sailmaker, merchant, gardener, butcher, reedmaker, ropemaker, sailor, vintner, hosier, corkcutter, tanner, flaxdresser, blacksmith, sawyer, woolcomber, brewer, clerk, schoolmaster, etc.

² James A. Haldane (1768-1851) began in 1797 to make extensive evangelistic tours over Scotland, preaching often to "large audiences".

³ An edition of Fawcett, printed at London, Edinburgh, and *New York* is dated 1856. Another is dated *Philadelphia*, 1828. One in German, "Die Ewige Ruhe der Heiligen," was issued at *New York* (1840?) (I have not met with these.) Extracts from the *Saints' Rest* of special sections have been printed at various times:—

- (a) "Address to Parents" (§§ 11-18, Pt. III), Birmingham (1855?).
- (b) "The Second Coming of Christ" (chap. v. Pt. I), with a brief Preface (and a hymn) by C. H. Spurgeon, 1858.
- (c) Pt. I, chap. vii., in "Light in the Valley of Death, or Considerations Fitted to Strengthen the Faith and Sustain the Mind of the Dying Believer," by Nevins, Baxter . . . Boston, and R. Erskine, Edinburgh, 1847.
- (d) "What is Heaven?" . . . from *Saints' Everlasting Rest*, first series of tracts (Nos. 545, 546), R.T.S., 1830?

1658, and in a Postscript to his *Five Disputations of Church Government and Worship* (of which the last word is "Finitur, 9 July, 1658") he deals with it in a very interesting statement. It is intended for "satisfaction to certain calumniators," and is dated 11 October, 1658. From this it appears:—

1. That he left his "two first Books" (*Aphorisms of Justification* and the *Saints' Everlasting Rest*) "to the Booksellers' will".

2. That for all the rest he received no payment in money, but only every fifteenth book of the whole edition. Sometimes the number thus set aside for him fell short of 100,¹ sometimes it amounted to a few more. These he took simply to give away. But they were insufficient for his purpose, since he sometimes wanted to give away as many as 800.² Because, therefore, he was "not rich enough to buy so many" he "agreed with the Bookseller" (his "neighbour" Nevil Simmons) "to allow 1s. 6d. a Ream (which is not a penny a quire) out of his own gain *towards the buying of Bibles and some of the Practical books which he printed*,³ for the poor; covenanting with him that he should sell my Controversial Writings as cheap, and my Practical Writings somewhat cheaper than, books are ordinarily sold". Thus what payment he received was in books for free distribution—his own, or those of others.

3. "To this hour I never received for myself one penny of money from them" (the booksellers) "for any of my writings to the best of my remembrance; ⁴ but if it fell out that my part came to more than I gave my friends, I exchanged them for other Books". In short, he had never taken a penny of direct profit on his own account for any of his books. Surely an exceptional record among authors for disinterestedness!

4. He concludes: "And now censorious slanderer . . . that thou mayest have the utmost relief that I can procure thee for the time to come, I shall agree with my Booksellers to sell all that I publish at three farthings a sheet, and to print the price of every book at the bottom of the title-page".⁵

¹ Taking 100 as the average, this would indicate 1500 as the number for an edition.

² In the case of his "Practical Books".

³ Italics mine.

⁴ Confirmed, he says, by his "accounts".

⁵ This in fact was done. Incidentally he names the prices of his books (not, however, of the *Saints' Rest*) previous to 1658. He also tells the

But the slander lived on. In 1678—twenty years later—his Kidderminster publisher, Nevil Simmons, became bankrupt or, as Baxter puts it, “broke”; and had been driven to failure, it was said, because Baxter had “taken too much money for” his “books”—the old story—the fact being, on the contrary, that he had “freely given” Simmons (from time to time) “gains” exceeding £500, “if not above £1000” (*R.B.*, Pt. III, p. 182). Hereupon he wrote to an unnamed friend a yet fuller account of his practice in relation to publishers. Among other welcome items there is this: “as an act of meer kindness” he offered the *Saints’ Rest* to Thomas Underhill and Francis Tyton (London), leaving the matter of profit to themselves. “They gave” him “Ten pounds for the first Impression, and Ten pounds apiece, that is, Twenty pounds for every after Impression till 1665.” The ninth edition was reached in that year, which means that by then the book had brought him £170. After this he received nothing more, owing to Mr. Underhill’s death, the poverty of his widow, and Mr. Tyton’s losses in the fire of London (1666). Henceforth he bought, “out of his own purse,” every copy of the book which he “gave to any Friend or poor Person that asked it”. Then he repeats what has been noted above—viz. his rule of the fifteenth book for himself before 1658—and adds this: that, since the slander of that year, he had also taken 1s. 6d. for every Ream of the other fourteen. With part of the money, thus accruing, he had bought Bibles for poor families while he remained at Kidderminster—i.e. for two years, and had earmarked the rest for “charitable uses”. The total amount came to £300 or £400; and increased to £830 after his removal to London. At the time of writing (1678) the whole of this sum, plus a £100 of his wife’s money, lay in the hands of Sir Robert Viner, “a worthy Friend,” to be “settled on a charitable use after” his “death”. Finally, we gather that he did make a little profit latterly, but only when his “Fifteenths” yielded more copies than he needed for his friends, etc. For then he let the bookseller have the remainder for two-thirds of the selling price. Thus both he and the author gained something. There is a touch of pathos in his last words. He had inherited (he says) a small patrimony but had given it all away to his

reader that it costs him as much as £50 to “have twenty quire of” his “writing well transcribed” and that (“for some books”) a “Neighbour-minister” has done this “tedious work” for him free of charge.

poor kindred ; he had been "divested" "15 or 16 years" "of all ecclesiastical maintenance" ; during these years he had never "received Wages from" Church or Lecture ; his wife's money was not his, nor, if it had been, was it "much more than half" their "yearly expense" ; "much against" his "Disposition" he was "put to take Money of the Bounty of special particular Friends". In short, he was a poor man, and rendered poor by his own almost too scrupulous consideration of other people's claims or supposed claims. He might well say "of all crimes in the world I least expected to be accused of Covetousness". Yet he was.

THE WOODPECKER IN HUMAN FORM.¹

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IT is now well known that some of the stateliest forms of classical religion are reducible to vegetable origins, and that midway between the human form divine and the vegetable form divine, there is often to be traced an intermediate animal form, through which the emergent spirit passed on its way from its vegetable prison to its Olympian abode. We might have, perhaps, guessed that Zeus was connected with the thunder, and have placed his home in an original oak sanctuary, but who would ever have suspected that after escaping from the thunder-tree he entered into the frame of the thunder-bird, and in particular into the body of a red-headed woodpecker? As a matter of fact we had hardly realised that there was such a thing as a European thunder-bird, or any thunder-bird at all, except in the poetic imagination of the North-American Indians. And now the creature has taken front rank in religious ornithology! We see him, or one of his surrogates, on every church tower. In a new sense, all things are full of Zeus.

As soon as we have recognised the woodpecker, or thunder-bird, as the prototype of the Greek Zeus, it becomes natural and proper to inquire what was the human form into which it developed among Western and Northern nations: for we also have the woodpecker with us as an object of reverence, not indeed the great black woodpecker, or *Picus martius*, which has seldom, if ever, been seen in these islands, but the green woodpecker (*Gecinus viridis*), and one or two smaller varieties. It will be remembered that the green woodpecker was the variety that was personified in Attica under the name of King Keleos (Keleos being the Greek name of the bird).

Even in the British Isles there must have been some tendency to

¹ An elaboration of the lecture delivered in the John Rylands Library, on the 1st April, 1919.

anthropomorphism in the case of a cult so widely diffused as that of the green woodpecker. Let us see, then, if we can find out what became of him.¹ Our first thought is that we should look in the direction of the red-bearded (and presumably red-haired) god Thor for the human thunder. The problem does not, however, admit of so simple a solution. For we remember that there are competing thunder-birds in the classical world (woodpeckers, cocks, etc.), and competing thunder-men (Picus, Keleos, etc.) as well as competing thunder-gods (Zeus, Hephæstus, Mars, etc.) In the West, too, we have competing thunder-birds (woodpecker, robin, etc.), and it would be wrong to assume that Thor is the only divine-human form that has sprung from them. It is even suspected that he has links with the robin redbreast rather than with the woodpecker. We must examine, without altogether excluding Thor as a solution, the problem of woodpecker-promotion over a wider area than the great northern gods can furnish. Let us see in what direction we are to look for our identified god or hero. What do we know about the woodpecker mythologically?

In the first place, we know he is linked to the thunder and has charge of the weather; is, in fact, the original Weather. Then we know that, as Thunder, he is the patron of one, at least, of a pair of twin children. In the arts he is the inventor of the plough and of the ship; the original digging-stick (pick, hack) and the primitive dugout being imitated from his action in hollowing out trees. From the same action he became the smith of antiquity, so that a whole clan of mysterious workers may borrow his name. He must have, of course, a red head, and he must live in a hollow tree. He has close connection with bees and with the culture of bees. He is also the guide of travellers and hunters and presides over fords.

That will suffice as a preliminary series of marks by which his divinised form is to be recognised. For further study we may refer to

¹ We have shown elsewhere (see *Picus who is also Zeus*) that there are many personal names derived from the woodpecker, but this does not necessarily prove personification of the woodpecker. Quite a number are place-names which have become personal names. Then there is a group of names like Pike, Pickett, Hack, Hackett, Eccle, Eccles, and the like, which really are woodpecker names. They correspond to Picus, Keleos, and the like. An even better instance would be such a name as Speakman, well known in the Manchester area, which is definitely woodpecker-man, Speak being here the equivalent to the German Specht, or the Norfolk Spack.

the histories of Zeus, of Hephæstus, of Keleos, Picus and Mars, of Hadad the thunder-god of Northern Syria (whose name under the form Hedad is current to-day as a personal name in Palestine and Egypt, and in North Africa, as the name of either bird or smith) as well as to the histories of twins derived from them. We are now going to suggest that in the British Isles, the woodpecker was personified, for some of our ancestors, under the name and title of *Wayland Smith*.

Wayland Smith is known to most people from the use which Walter Scott makes of him in his novel of *Kenilworth*. You will remember how Flibbertigibbet undertakes to get Tressilian's horse shod for him, by a smith who lives in an underground cave, and who may not be looked upon at his work. You put your money on a stone; retire to a convenient distance, turn your back, shut your eyes, and when the hammering is over, lo! there is your horse with a new shoe. Wayland was a wild figure enough, even in *Kenilworth*, but a much wilder one in popular imagination. To the people he was hardly human. He had a well-known sanctuary in the Vale of White Horse in Berkshire, and the place is still shown with its rude stone monuments of the cult with which he was regarded. This is his principal cult-centre. He comes before us as Wayland Smith, the first is his real name, the second is his calling. The name occurs in various forms, Wayland, being, perhaps, the latest; it is written Wieland and Wielant, and in other forms which we shall presently meet with. We come across him as a smith, and in particular as a shoe-smith. I do not know when the art of shoeing a horse first arose. It is rather a late development of human history. The smith, at any rate, precedes the shoe-smith: and it is hardly likely that Wayland is limited to the shoeing of horses. Indeed, we may be sure that it was not so; for the very same custom of smith-work carried on in secret, was known over a wider area than horse-shoeing to the ancients, and gave rise to curious legends. The dwarf elves of the North, as we shall see, were Wayland's instructors, and they wrought in secret. One of the oldest books of travel in the world is the story of the *Wanderings or Circuit of Pytheas*, who came round the Mediterranean, went outside the Pillars of Hercules and as far north as the British Isles: and Pytheas tells us, that in the Lipari Isles there were iron-workers, to whom you took the raw iron for making a sword or other gear, deposit-

ing the money and coming back on the morrow for your weapon. It seems to be implied in the report that the workmen themselves were not seen.¹

This is evidently a case of a Wayland Smith establishment on a large scale. We shall find out presently that Wayland could make swords as well as horse-shoes. Let us see if we can get any further in the search for Wayland's centres of operation, whether smithies or other invisible workshops. First of all, a few words more with regard to the Berkshire sanctuary.

In Brand-Hazlitt's collections on *Faiths and Folk-lore*, we find as follows :—

P. 621. "A very ancient and famous Scandinavian legend, existing in a variety of forms, and apparently transmitted to England by the Saxons, who had a version of it very similar to that associated with the sepulchral monument at the foot of the White Horse Hill, Uffington, Berkshire, where, as at Osnabrück, an invisible smith shod horses left on the spot with a piece of money for his fee. This Saxon myth has very little in common beyond the name with the Swedish original myth. Scott has, in his *Kenilworth*, utilised the Berkshire tradition."

The notice is somewhat inconsistent in proclaiming first the agreement of the Scandinavian legend and the Berkshire story, and then declaring that the "very similar" accounts have very little in common. We are directed to further sources of investigation, viz. Teutonic and Scandinavian myths of heroes. It is not necessary to assume that the legends of the famous Wayland are not to be found in England: they may possibly be more at home in these islands than the first investigators of the folk-lore story imagined.

Suppose we turn now from ancient myths to modern romance: we will take as our guide Mr. Kipling in his charming book entitled *Puck of Pook's Hill*. The following conversation is imagined between Puck, the lad Dan, and his sister Una.

¹ The fragment of Pytheas is contained in a scholiast's note on Apollonius Rhodius, *Argonautica*, 4, 76, where he speaks of the "anvils of Hephæstus":—

τὸ δὲ παλαιὸν ἐλέγετο τὸν βουλόμενον ἀργὸν σίδηρον ἐπιφέρειν καὶ ἐπὶ τὴν αὔριον ἐλθόντα λαμβάνειν ἢ ξίφος ἢ εἴ τι ἄλλο ἤθελε κατασκευάσαι, καταβαλοντα μισθόν· ταῦτα φησὶ Πυθέας ἐν γῆς περιόδῳ, λέγων καὶ τὴν θάλασσαν ἐκεῖ ζεῖν.

P. 16. "I met Weland first on a November afternoon," said Puck, "in a sleet storm on Pevensey Level."

"Pevensey ? over the hill, you mean ?" Dan pointed south.

"Yes, but it was all marsh in those days, right up to Horsebridge and Hydeneye. I was on Beacon Hill—they called it Brunanburgh then—when I saw the pale flame that burning thatch makes, and I went down to look. Some pirates—I think they just have been Peof's men—were burning a village on the Levels, and Weland's image—a big, black, wooden thing with amber beads round its neck—in the bows of a black thirty-two oar galley that they had just beached. Bitter cold it was ! There were icicles hanging from her deck, and the oars were glazed with ice, and there was ice on Weland's lips. When he saw me he began a long chant in his own tongue, telling me how he was going to rule England, and how I should smell the smoke of his altars from Lincolnshire to the Isle of Wight. I didn't care ! I'd seen too many Gods charging into Old England to be upset about it. I let him sing himself out while his men were burning the village, and then I said (I don't know what put it into my head), "Smith of the Gods," I said, "the time comes when I shall meet you plying your trade for hire by the wayside."

Here the important thing to notice is that Mr. Kipling recognises that altars to Weland are to be found from Lincolnshire to the Isle of Wight, and that the cult was, in his view, imported by Danish or Saxon pirates. Mr. Kipling goes on to suggest that the sacrifices to the Smith-God were originally human, later commuted for horses, and later again for hair from the mane or tail of the horse. The most important point for us is the suggestion that the cult was widely diffused, which must mean place-names recalling Weland and his art or monuments.

The diffusion of the cult is referred to again by Mr. Kipling in the conversation between Puck and his young friends :—

P. 19. "One evening I heard old Hobden talking about Weland's ford."

"If you mean old Hobden the hedger, he's only seventy-two. He told me so himself," said Dan. "He's an intimate friend of ours."

"You're quite right," Puck replied. "I meant old Hobden's ninth great grandfather. He was a free man and burned charcoal hereabouts. . . . Of course I pricked up my ears when I heard

Weland mentioned, and I scuttled through the woods to the Ford just beyond Bog Wood yonder”

“Why, that’s Willingford Bridge,” said Una. “We go there for walks often, there’s a kingfisher there.”

“It was Weland’s Ford, then, dear. A road led down to it from the Beacon on the top of a hill. A shocking bad road it was, and all the hill-side was thick with oak forest, with deer in it. There was no trace of Weland, but presently I saw a fat old farmer riding down from the Beacon Hill under the greenwood tree. His horse had cast a shoe in the clay, and when he came to the Ford he dismounted, took a penny out of his purse, laid it on a stone, tied the old horse to an oak and called out ‘Smith, smith, here is work for you!’ Then he sat down and went to sleep.” The story goes on to relate how Weland, now known as Wayland Smith, shod the horse. Later on we are told how he made a famous sword and covered it with runes. That is also a part of the original legends.

In this charming story Mr. Kipling has worked carefully over early British and Scandinavian folk-lore. He must have also studied the place-names of the country in order to find Weland survivals. In particular he implies that he finds such survivals from Lincolnshire to the Isle of Wight. One of them is specified, viz. : Willingford Bridge derived from an original Weland-ford. It may, I suppose, be assumed, without injustice to Mr. Kipling, who has shown his hand in this special case, that he has been studying such cases as Welland, Willingham and the like, and reading Weland’s name in them. The instance which he weaves into his tale seems to be a very likely one. The name Willingford Bridge is very suggestive ; it must be an old name ; it has the archaic ford replaced, or rather, supplemented, by the modern bridge ; just in the same way as Stamford Bridge replaces an original Stane-ford. If we could be quite sure of Willingford, I should point out at once the number of cases in which the ford is presided over by the woodpecker as *dux viae* : such names as Pickford (Warwick), Hackford (Norf.), Aylesford and Eaglesford (Kent), Whittlesford (Cambs.), Ickleford (Herts), Ecclesford, etc., all of which involve popular appellations of the woodpecker ; and we should then be able to say of Weland that he is—

- (1) A smith,
- (2) A guide and guardian of travellers,

just as we have shown the woodpecker to be, in the little book, *Picus who is also Zeus*.

The difficulty with place-names lies in the certification of their original forms: how often the Domesday Book and the early charters tell a different tale from the map or the Gazetteer!

Let us try a similar case. Wallingford is very nearly the same as Willingford, and might easily be deduced from the same or nearly the same original. It would be very convincing if we could find another Weland-ford to put with our woodpecker-fords. When we turn, however, to Johnstone's *Place-Names* we find as follows:—

Wallingford: c. 893 Chart. Welinga ford. 1006 O.E. Chron. Wealinga ford. 1216 Walinga ford. 1298 Walinford. 1373 Walyngford. "Ford of the Wealings" or "Sons of Wealh," or "Sons of the Foreigner". See Wales. We get a Norman spelling in *Wm. of Poitiers*, Guarenford.

It will be seen that in the case of Wallingford, the evidence is all against an original Weland-ford. If such a name were the real original, it must have disappeared from common use before A.D. 893. It is possible, but not likely.

Let us take another case which may, perhaps, have occurred to Mr. Kipling in his researches (he is evidently a very close and careful student of English ground, and the history which is so thickly imbedded in it).

Pook's Hill shows that there is a Willingham in Suffolk and another in Cambridgeshire, which might claim kinship with Willingford.

If we turn to Skeat's *Place-Names of Suffolk* we shall find as follows:—

Willingham: Spelt Wilingham, T.N.; Willingham, D.B. Pp. 6, 109, which may be the original form. If it be so, the sense is "home (or enclosure) of the Willings," or "of the sons of Willa". Willa is a known name. But Willingham in Cambridgeshire is differently spelt in D.B. and means "home of the Wifelings," or "of the sons of Wifel".

So here also we have no right to conjecture an original Welandham. The Domesday Book is against us. In fact, Wyvelingham appears to be the spelling of Willingham in Cambridgeshire as late as 1750, and Willingham in Lincolnshire was also Wyvelingham in 1311.¹

The case is not much better with the perplexing Willingtons and

¹ See Skeat, *Place-Names of Cambridgeshire*, p. 25.

Wellingtons that are scattered up and down the country. In his work on the *Place-Names of Durham*, Mr. C. E. Jackson writes :—

P. 111. Willington. There are two places of this name in the County records. One belonged to the Church, the other to the monks. It is almost impossible to separate them in the records. S(ymeon) Twiningtun, Twilingatun. Twinlingtum, F(eodarium Pr. Dunelm), Wiflington, Wiflincun, Wivelinton, Wilyngton ; V(alor), E(ccles). Wyllingtoune. All the forms later than Symeon are from the place-name Wifel, found in charters, A.D. 710 Wiveleshole, 863 Wivelesberg : thus the meaning of the modern name is “Wifel’s tun,” which, by the way, has nothing to do with *wife*, but it is the A.S. *wifel*—an arrow.

Of what was in the mind of Symeon when he wrote his prefix I can make no guess.

It certainly is perplexing to find so decided a duality in the name. Perhaps Symeon’s *twiling* is the German *zwilling*, in which case we have a definite twin-town. But that will not explain the other form.

Of Willington in Bedfordshire, Skeat writes for his *Place-Names of Bedfordshire* as follows :—

P. 60. *Willington*, spelt *Welitone*, D.B., *Wyliton*, E.T., *Willinton*, F.A., p. 50 (1316). The D.B. form is the oldest and best ; *Weli* answers to A.S. *Welig*, a willow-tree, the sense was probably “willow-farm”.

So we do not get very much further in the search for Weland shrines. What about the Welland River, which has given its name by migration to the Welland Canal in Canada ? Johnstone’s account of it is as follows :—

Welland (river), (Northants) 921, O. E. Chron. *Weolud*, which looks like W. *gwaelod*, base, bottom. But *Welland* (Upton on Severn) is 1196 Weneland, 1297 Wenlond, 1461 Wenelond, “Land of Wenna”.

On the whole, we have drawn blank in the search for Weland. We have found instead Willa, Wifel, Wenna, the arrow, the willow, but no trace of Weland, unless perhaps at Mr. Kipling’s Willingford and at Wallingford.

We will now turn to the Teutonic and Scandinavian mythologies in order to find out some more about the mysterious Weland. From

Grimm's *Teutonic Mythology*, we learn that he was (1) a demi-god ; (2) a smith ; (3) a boat-builder ; (4) a flying-man, and (5) that he had twin children.

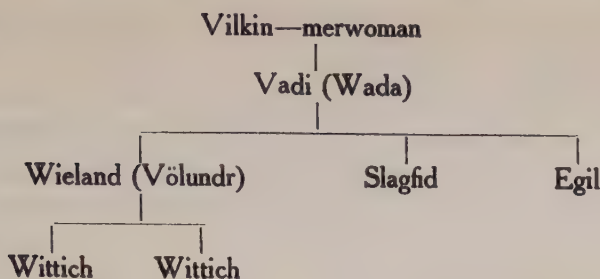
P. 376. "At the head of the whole race (of heroes) is placed *Vilkinus*, named after Vulcanus, as the Latin termination shows, a god, or demi-god, who must have had another German name, and who begets with the mer-woman a gigantic son *Vadi*: A.S. *Wada*, O.H.G. *Wato*. . . . (He had a son.)

"Now that son, whom *Vadi* carried through the sea to apprentice him to those cunning smiths the dwarfs, was *Wielant*, A.S. *Weland*, *Welond*, O.N. *Volundr* ; but in the *Vilk-Saga*, *Velint*, master of all smiths, and wedded to a swan-maiden. . . .

"The rightful owner of the boat, which English tradition ascribes to *Wada*, seems to have been *Wieland*. The *Vilk-Saga* tells how he timbered a boat out of the trunk of the tree and sailed over seas. Lamed in the sinews of his foot, he forged for himself a winged garment, and took his flight through the air. . . . *Witche*, the son he had by *Baduhilt*, bore a hammer and tongs in his scutcheon in honour of his father ; during the Middle Ages his memory lasted among smiths, whose workshops were styled *Wieland's houses*, and perhaps his likeness was set up or painted outside them."

Here, then, we have a description of the smith who turned ship-builder, and it was natural to find parallels with *Hephæstus*, the lame smith of Olympus, and other mythical Greek artists, such as *Dædalus*, the flying man. Accordingly, Grimm says that there is an unexpected confirmation of the descriptions given in the *Saga* "in the striking similarity of the Greek fables of *Hephæstus*, *Erichthonius*, and *Dædalus*. As *Weland* offers violence to *Beadohild* (O.N. *Völundr* to *Boðvildr*) so *Hephæstus* lays a snare for *Athene*, when she comes to order weapons of him ; both *Hephæstus* and *Völundr* are punished with lameness, *Erichthonius* too, is lame, etc."

Grimm notes further that there were two sons of *Wieland* (full) brothers : *Wittich* and *Wittich von der aue*. From the coincidence of the names we infer that these are twin brethren (see *Boanerges*, chap. xxx.). We have a heroic genealogy of the following type :—



We will first examine into the story of how Wieland learnt to fly.

"Voelund requested his brother (Egil) to furnish him with feathers of all sizes. Egil went into the woods, killed all sorts of birds, and brought the feathers to Voelund. With them Voelund made himself wings like those of a great bird of prey. . . .

"He then ascended to the roof of his house, took the wings, prepared himself, and at last ascended to the air. He said to his brother, if you are called upon to shoot at me, you will aim at this bladder, which I have filled with the blood of the sons of King Nidung, and which I have fastened under my left arm. When flying away he confessed to his brother that he had misdirected him as to the mode of managing the wings, because he was suspicious of him. Voelund flew up to the highest tower, and cried out with all his might for the King to come and speak with him. On hearing his voice the King came out and said, '*Voelund, have you become a bird?* What is your project?' 'My Lord,' replied the smith, '*I am at present bird and man at once; I depart, and you will never see me again in your life. Nevertheless, before I go, I will reveal to you some secrets. You cut my hamstrings to prevent me from going, and I revenged myself upon your daughter, who is with child by me. You would have deprived me of the use of my feet, and in my turn, I have deprived you of your sons, whose throat I cut with my own hand; but you will find the bones in the vases garnished with gold and silver with which I have ornamented your table.*' Having said these words, Voelund disappeared in the air. Then the King said to Egil: take your bow and shoot at him, the villain must not escape alive; if you miss him, your head shall pay the forfeit. Egil took his bow, shot, and the arrow struck Voelund under the left arm, so that the blood descended upon the earth. 'It is good,' said the King, 'Voelund cannot go far.

Nevertheless he flew into Seeland, descended in a wood, where he constructed himself a dwelling."¹

Here we have the hero definitely turned into a bird, and gone back to his home in the woods. His brother Egil is the archer of the North, who appears in Swiss legend as William Tell. It is open to question whether Egil is not one of the many names of the woodpecker. The bird-form assumed by the hero is composite. Some say that his feather dress was like the stripped off skin of a griffin or a falcon, or the bird that they call Strauss (? the crested wren).² No special identification is suggested with the woodpecker, but it is certainly a bird-form that is assumed.

Fragments of the foregoing story will be found in the supplement to the *Heldenbuch* as follows :—

P. xxxviii. "Wittich eyn Held. Wittich owe syn Bruder. Wieland was der zweyer Wittich vatter. . . . Darnach kam er tzuo Kunig Elberich und ward syn gesell. Und war auch ein Schmid in dem Berg zuo Gloggen-Sachzen. Darnach kam er zuo Konig Hertwick, und by des tochter machet er zwen sune."

This brings out the details of a smith who has twin sons by a princess. We now pass on to the question whether Wieland is the first shipbuilder. This is one of the points which we set out to establish ; for, as we have shown in *Boanerges*, the first ship made by our ancestors was credited to the woodpecker, who is still regarded by the Ainu of Japan as having been sent down by God to show them how to make boats. Let us then see what the northern hero-legends have to say on this point :—

"Wieland learnt the smith's craft amongst the dwarfs, and having passed his apprenticeship with them, he desired to return again to Denmark. So he killed the dwarfs, stole one of their horses, which he loaded with gold and valuables. At last he came in his journeyings to the Weser stream, which he was unable to cross. By this stream there was a great forest by which he tarried for awhile ; it was not far from the sea. One day he climbed on the hill on a river bank, and espied a large tree, which he felled to the ground, divided in two and

¹ *Wayland Smith*, from the French of Depping and Michael, with additions by S. W. Singer and the amplified legend by Oehlenschläger. London, 1847, p. xxiii, sqq.

² Hagen, *Heldenbuch*, i. 124.

hollowed out. At the slender end of the tree, where the leaves broke out, he deposited his tools and his possessions : where the tree was more spacious he stored himself food and drink, and then crept inside and closed the tree so completely that he was secure against river or sea. He closed the aperture in the tree with glasses so that they could easily be removed when occasion should arise ; the water could thus find as little entrance to the tree as it would be able to do if the tree were not hollowed out. The tree was now lying by the river bank, and by agitating it from within he got it down to the bank so that it rolled into the stream, and was carried out into the open sea, and after about eighteen days' voyaging brought him at last to his own country."¹

The foregoing story is a dramatisation of the making of the first ship or dug-out by the woodpecker. The only thing modern about the story is the glass windows. And it does not surprise us that writers on mythology have suspected that we have here the story of the invention of the ship. Accordingly Simrock, in his *Deutsche Mythologie* (ed. 4, p. 228), says definitely that either Wate or his son Wieland was the inventor of the ship. "Ihm selbst oder seinem Sohne Wieland legt die Sage ein Boot bei, was ihm als *Erfinder der Schiff-fahrt bezeichnet*." Clearly Wieland is to be counted as the first shipbuilder, that is, he is the woodpecker to whom our ancestors referred the invention in question.

We may then recapitulate our results :—

Wieland was a smith of the gods,
 who had twin children,
 assumed a bird form,
 hollowed out the first ship.
 Perhaps he had a woodpecker brother :
 and if Mr. Kipling is right, you may
 look for him at the river-ford.

To make the identification complete we want to know if he had a red-head, or a red-cap, and if he was related to the thunder. Of this I have found no trace : the dwarfs among whom he works wear blue caps. The parallel with Hephæstus may, perhaps, bring in the lame thunder-god, but these parallels with Hephæstus and Dædalus require further investigation. On the whole, we have sufficient evidence

¹ See Hagen, *Nordische Heldenroman*, i. 76.

for concluding that in some parts of the North, the woodpecker was personified as Wieland, which is what we set out to prove.

We are left, however, with a number of unsolved problems. If Wieland is the woodpecker, why have we no woodpecker-name that coincides with or reflects the name of the hero or of his father Wada? How are we to explain the coincidence between the Vilkin Saga and the stories of Dædalus and of Vulcanus, including especially the point which Grimm could not get over, that Vilkin is the same as the Latin Vulcan? In making the connection between Dædalus the Greek flying-man, and Völundr the northern flying-man, we have also to take into account the fact that Dædalus was also the artist of the famous Cretan labyrinth, of which parallels can be found all the way to Iceland. These labyrinths are in Scandinavia known by the name of Wieland or Völundr-houses. It is not surprising that people have suggested that the whole of the Wieland legends have been brought from the South of Europe at a comparatively late date, and that Wieland is merely Dædalus in disguise.

Then there are the coincident lame gods, with variant stories told to explain how they came to be lame, from Homer onwards. It certainly seems, at first sight, natural to equate the lame-gods with one another and to infer that there is nothing original about the northern Smith of the gods. Wieland would be simply Dædalus or Hephæstus as the case might require, and his legends would be theirs in a late dress.

At this point we pause and reflect. We have not solved Dædalus by equating Wieland with him. Who was Dædalus, and what does *his* name mean? Here the mythologists are dumb or at best only chattering.

One thing is clear that Dædalus is an earlier form than Hephæstus; for he is an artist in wood, and the other is an artist in metal; and the carpenter precedes the smith. Does this preclude the identification with Wieland? Not if Wieland is the woodpecker, for the woodpecker also is a primitive carpenter, and the idea of calling him a smith is a later derivation from his habit of hammering, and his relation to the fire-god. It is as carpenters, for example, that the woodpeckers build the air city in the *Birds* of Aristophanes. Dædalus is nearer to the woodpecker than Hephæstus is. We cannot identify Dædalus and Wieland on account of their labyrinths.

The mazes which are found all over the North of Europe are

clearly no loans from Crete ; they are a part of a primitive cult of a sky-god, the meaning of which is still obscure : but at all events, the woodpecker is much nearer to the sky-god than either Dædalus or Wieland, unless there should be reason to believe that he is both Dædalus and Wieland.

As to lame gods, we remember that the existence of such is a folklore fact of very wide diffusion, even if it has not yet found its true explanation. For instance, there is Heitsi-ibib, the lame god of the Hottentots, and no doubt ever so many more. Their genesis, as we have said, is still obscure. Here again, Wieland can be in the same group with Vulcan, without being Vulcan.

There remains the great point in the apparent equivalence of Vilkin and Vulcan. The name Vulcan is supposed to be related to the Greek *Φελχάριος* which Hesychius says is a name of Zeus among the Cretans. We remember the equivalence of Zeus and Picus in Crete, and are not surprised to find that it has been suggested that *Felcanos* is a bird, perhaps a cock ; or it may be the same as our word *falcon*, which is said to mean a bird with hooked claws, in the first instance. If it is a bird's name, then it may very well be that Vilkin and Vulcan are, both of them, related to that bird, without any linguistic or legendary borrowing.

Now let us turn again to Grimm. In discussing the hero-form of Eigil or Egil the Archer, he tells us that "according to the Edda, Völundr had two brothers, Slagfiðr and Egill, all three *synir Finna-konungs*, sons of a Finnish King, whereas the saga transplanted to the North from Germany makes its Vilkinus a king of Vilkinaland. Or can Finna be taken as the gen. of Finni, and identified with Finn Folcwaldansunu ? Slagfiðr might seem—Slagfínnr, but is better explained as Slagfiðr (flap-wing)."

The difficulty which Grimm notes in referring the Völundr Saga to Finland is a real one. It disappears if we note that the perplexing word is the Anglo-Saxon *Fine*, the woodpecker. Thus Völundr and his two brothers are all sons of the original King Picus, and may, therefore, be regarded as themselves heroes in bird-form. Egil is easy to explain on this hypothesis, and so is Slagfiðr : while Völundr (and by implication the related Wieland) are seen to belong to the very same bird ancestry. We need not hesitate longer to reckon Wayland the Smith as an English woodpecker-hero.

Now let us inquire whether the supposed woodpecker-hero and his twin children are associated with primitive sanctuaries. It will be remembered that we traced one origin of sanctuary to the taboo which attaches itself to twin children and their mother. Such sanctuaries are constantly being created in W. Africa at the present day, whenever the offending twin-mother and her brood are expelled from the community that they have terrified and endangered. The usual sanctuary is an island in the midst of the stream, and it is upon such islands that twin-towns naturally spring up, as an original group is supplemented by other twin-groups, or by runaway slaves, or evasive debtors, or any people who will risk a taboo in order to get rid of social responsibility. We say that this form of social ostracism is one of the origins of sanctuary. No doubt there are others, but this is one of the most common. The sanctuary, for example, which Romulus devised at Rome need not be any different from what we can detect in the present day in the Niger region : it is lawful to suspect that many of the most famous sanctuaries all over Europe are due to a similar cause.

The question arises naturally whether Wieland has any connection with a sanctuary or sanctuaries known to us in England. We have called the Berkshire monument with which his name is associated a sanctuary, but we have no history of the Uffington monument, and the term sanctuary is used loosely and with insufficient precision. Let us take a case where sanctuary is more certain, and see if we can find any traces of Wayland therein.

The most venerable and the most certain sanctuary in England is Westminster Abbey ; from the earliest days it has been a place of dread ; it is called "locus terribilis" in the first document that describes it, the charter of Offa. This sense of terror developed into a profound religious regard in the Middle Ages, and made it the place of resort for thieves and runaways, much as in ancient Rome ; we have still a Broad Sanctuary at Westminster, and the history of the Abbey is full of instances when it furnished shelter to the fugitive.

Dean Stanley in his *Memorials of Westminster Abbey* attached to his title-page the following extract from Howell's *Perlustration of London* in 1657 :—

"The Abbey of Westminster hath been always the greatest sanctuary and rendezvous of devotion of the whole island ; whereunto the situation of the whole place seems to contribute very much, and to

strike a holy kind of reverence and sweetness of melting piety in the heart of the beholders."

Well ! reverence and melting piety are commonly evolved out of primitive taboo : and it was quite true in a sense that the author of the *Perlustration* did not intend that the situation of the place contributes much to the sense of reverence ; for Westminster Abbey stands on ground that was once an island. Its original name was Thorney, which people commonly interpret as Isle of Thorns (though I doubt if this is its correct meaning). At all events, it is an island sanctuary, and this naturally provokes comparison with island-sanctuaries elsewhere. Stanley says of it¹ that "the island or peninsula thus enclosed, in *common with more than one similar spot*, derived its name from its thickets of thorn." He is thinking of Thorney Abbey in the fen country ; but the point to be noted is that there is more than one similar spot.

What has this to do with Wieland, you will say ? I am coming to that. In the sanctuary furnished by the Abbey of Westminster is the Treasury of the early English Kings ; and when a Prime Minister of England is called First Lord of the Treasury, this is the treasury that his lordship applies to. Originally there were many treasures here besides money and war bonds : let us see what Dean Stanley can tell us about them.² To this Treasury "were brought the most cherished possessions of the State : the Regalia of the Saxon monarchy ; the Black Rood of St. Margaret ("the Holy Cross of Holyrood") ; the "Crocis Gneyth" (or Cross of St. Neot) from Wales, deposited here by Edward I ; the sceptre or rod of Moses ; the Ampulla of Henry IV ; the sword with which King Athelstane cut through the rock at Dunbar ; *the sword of Wayland Smith by which Henry II was knighted* ; the sword of Tristan, presented by John the Emperor ; the dagger which wounded Edward I at Acre ; the iron gauntlet worn by John of France when taken prisoner at Poitiers."

A very curious and interesting collection of antiquities. This sword of Wayland is in the legends as a part of the skill which he learnt of the dwarf iron-workers in the North : it was covered with runes and was a terrible implement. Stanley says it was used at the Knighthood of Henry II ; more exactly of his father, Geoffrey Plantagenet ; and

¹ l.c. i. 3.

² *Memorials*, i. 383.

it was sent across the Channel to Rouen, so that the young Plantagenet might have it as part of his knightly equipment, at the time of his initiation. The Chronicler tells us that it was a very ancient relic : we may conjecture that it stood next in dignity to the Rod of Moses with which it was associated. So here we have Weyland actually connected with the oldest and greatest of British Sanctuaries, and the Sanctuary is on an island. The proof is not final that Westminster Abbey is the home of Wayland (or one of his homes) ; the sword might have been brought there as a treasure, as Moses deposited his rod there instead of leaving it to the Monastery on Mt. Sinai ; but it is certainly curious that we should turn up the Wayland Smith relic precisely at this spot. The old tradition of the Abbey was that a pagan temple of Diana once stood there ; we shall not be far wrong in assuming, at all events, that a heathen sanctuary preceded the Christian shrine : we suspect that it was a twin sanctuary.

Note.—The authority for Dean Stanley's statement as to the preservation of the famous sword of Wayland in the Treasury at Westminster will be found in the *Historia Gaufrredi Comitis Andegavorum* by Johannes Monachus Majoris Monasterii (see *Recueil des Historiens*, xii. p. 521) : it proceeds, after describing the bathing, helming, etc., of the young knights, of whom Geoffrey Plantagenet was the leader, as follows :—

“Ad ultimum allatus est ei ensis de thesauro regis, ab antiquo ibidem signatus, in quo fabricando superlatus Galaunus multa opera et studio desudavit.”

Here Galaunus is the Norman-French for Wayland, just as Guarenford is for Wallingford, which we were discussing previously.

NEW COPTIC MANUSCRIPTS IN THE JOHN RYLANDS LIBRARY.

By W. E. CRUM.

INTERSPERSED among the large number of important Greek papyri, which Dr. Rendel Harris recently acquired in Egypt for the Rylands Library,¹ there were a number—relatively small of course—of Coptic pieces, some on vellum, mostly on papyrus. Such a mixture of the languages has, for years past, been a foregone conclusion when professedly Greek papyri were to be bought; and in this case as elsewhere, a few texts older than either—in the demotic script—and some younger—in Arabic—lay among the Greek and Coptic.

The Coptic MSS., with the rest, were bought at various points: some at Cairo, others as far south as Luxor, others at Ashmunain or elsewhere in middle Egypt, or in the Fayyûm. It has long been recognized that the locality, where a mixed lot of papyri may chance to be on sale, is far from being an indication of original *provenance*. This is especially true of Ashmunain, the principal mart of recent years, and it is *a fortiori* implied when the purchase is made in Cairo, where the dealers attract papyri from the whole length of the Nile valley. Classification by dialect is therefore the primary guide to the homes of such MSS., and the indications thus obtained may be further particularized by help of place (and, to some extent, personal) names incidental in the texts.

Among the fifty odd pieces which seemed likely to repay more examination, I found the three southern dialects indeed represented, but those of Achmim and the Fayyûm by only one and two fragments respectively. All the rest showed a Sa'idic varying, as was to be expected, in degree of contamination and correctness of orthography. Chronologically the collection is extensive: two or three of the literary fragments can scarcely be younger than the fourth century; some of the private documents and at least one literary text should belong to

¹ *V. Bulletin*, v. p. 363.

the ninth or tenth. But the majority seem, as usual, to date from the sixth to eighth centuries.

1. Biblical. These form, of course, the principal element in the small group of literary texts. All the pieces are on vellum. To name them in their usual order¹ :—

Two small fragments of the *Psalter* (12, 14).

One from *Ecclesiastes*, chap. i (2).

Fragments from two MSS. of *Sirach* (6, 7). The former of these, from chap. i, is strangely paged in the inner corners of the leaf, $\bar{\Gamma}$ and $\bar{\Delta}$. The second is written in a beautiful little hand, rivalling that of the Turin MS. and probably likewise of the fourth or fifth century. It shows verses from chaps. xviii and xxiii.

Fragments of *Lamentations*, chaps. ii, iii. (3).

A scrap from *Ezekiel* xxix and xxx (9).

A very small leaf (4) on which *Daniel* xi. 38 and xii. 9 are discernable, though it is hard to see how all the intervening passage could be accommodated on so minute a page.

The New Testament is represented by two fragments of *Acts* : one (8), in three columns of an early hand, has verses from chaps. x and xi ; the other (17) some from chap. xiii.

Two from *Romans* : one (1) paged $\bar{\xi}A$, $\bar{\xi}B$, from the Fayyûmic version of chaps. xi, xii, is in a fine, early hand, and may possibly belong to one of the two already known MSS. of this version of the Epistle² ; while the other (32), with verses from chap. i, is one of a number of scraps unmistakably reminiscent of the White Monastery.

A fragment (5) of 1 *Corinthians*, chap. i.

To the biblical texts may be added the remnants of a papyrus lectionary (18), showing (on now separate fragments) verses from *Acts*, chaps. viii-x, *Matthew* xxvii 63-xxviii 4, a *Psalms*, and *Galatians* v. 19 etc. Traces of early lectionaries on papyrus are very rare.³ This one may be of the sixth century.

2. Liturgical books are present in the form of some tenth or eleventh century vellum fragments of an Anaphoral Service—again, I suspect, from the White Monastery—one of which (11) shows title

¹ The numbers in brackets are those given *temporarily* to this Coptic Supplement.

² *Brit. Mus. Catal.* no. 506, and *Mitth. Erzsh. Rainer*, ii. 70.

³ Cf. my *Theolog. Texts*, p. 2.

and beginning of the *Prayer of Thanksgiving* (εὐχαριστία), after the receiving of the Holy Mysteries, which closes the Liturgy of St. Cyril¹: "What blessing or what praise or what thanksgiving can we repay unto Thee. . . ." In our fragment, however, this prayer is attributed to "the Patriarch S[]", doubtless Severus of Antioch, to whom elsewhere other prayers, but not this, are ascribed.²

Another (33) is the best preserved of all these Coptic MSS.: a complete Hymn, on six small vellum leaves, in praise of St. Menas, the military martyr, whose picture, on horseback with raised hands (*orans*), adorns the outer page. The hymn is acrostical, the stanzas beginning each with a successive letter of the Greek alphabet, the five additional Coptic letters being ignored. A hymn of this type in Sa'idic is almost an unique survival.³ The present MS. dates indeed from the latest age in which Sa'idic was still a living idiom and our hymn may owe its inspiration to the same influences which were to produce such compositions as the Bohairic *Theotokia*.⁴ A subscription below the last stanza reads: "By me (δι' ἐμοῦ), *Paleu*, son of *Cosma*, the carpenter, the ψαλμοφδός." The formula δι' ἐμοῦ, once the official attestation of the notary before whom a deed was drawn up,⁵ had by now come to be merely the introduction to the scribe's name,⁶ or even the artist's, where a volume is illustrated.⁷ And here, artless though the composition is, we are hardly entitled to credit *Paleu* with the authorship as well as penmanship of our hymn.

A second small vellum book (34), of later size and date, but not complete, has two hymns, one paraphrasing Christ's words to the

¹ Renaudot (1847), i. 50, Cairo *Euchologion* (1902), 673. A prayer somewhat similarly beginning (but before communion) is in the so-called *Anaphora of St. Matthew the Evangelist* (Paris 12920, f. 126): "What tongue of flesh or what mind of man can tell Thy marvels. . . ."

² Renaudot, *op. cit.*, 26; Brightman, *Lit. Eastern etc.*, 144. A fragment belonging to Prof. Sayce preserves the title of an Anaphora of Severus.

³ One (fragmentary) is printed by Munier, *Ann. du Serv.*, 1918, 65; another (*ditto*) by Erman and Junker (*v. Lemm, KKS.*, no. xx, p. 160). Both MSS. are quite late.

⁴ Cf. my *Theolog. Texts*, p. 27 n. for its possible date and authorship; also A. Grohmann in *Abh. d. Phil. hist. Kl. d. Säch. Akad.* xxxiii, iv, p. 11.

⁵ V. Gardthausen in C. Wessely's *Studien*, xvii.

⁶ V. Crum-Steindorff, *Kopt. Rechtsurkunden*, p. 403, *inf.* It occurs too on stelæ: Hall, *Coptic and Greek Texts*, p. 1.

⁷ Hyvernât, *A Check-List of Coptic MSS. in the Pierpont Morgan Library* (1919), pl. iv.

disciples at Pentecost ; the other a dialogue between Him and the martyr Victor, son of Romanus.

Under this rubric we may place one of the most interesting of our MSS. (47, 48) : two fragments of papyrus preserving parts of one of those Festal (Heortastical) Letters, annually addressed by the Alexandrine patriarch to his suffragans and to the monasteries, of which Athanasius has left us the best known examples.¹ The text here is written upon one side only of the leaf : a fact which goes to confirm my previous explanation of three other fragments, already in this Library,² as parts of similar Letters ; for the two extant specimens in Greek³ are likewise so written. Both these Greek Letters are upon scrolls, which the text covers in successive broad columns. What our new fragments preserve are the remnants of two (or three) of the columns from such a scroll. Now the last of these columns happens to be also the conclusion of the Letter, and thus we have the customary dating formula, which is the *raison d'être* of each Festal Letter and which in the present instance announces Easter as the 27th of Parmoute, *i.e.* 22d April. Since the issuing patriarch's name is not preserved, we have only the script of our MS. to help us to its date. It is written in an upright, rounded uncial (A, M, T in one stroke each), of the type generally ascribed to about the seventh century.⁴ Among the years that had their Easter on 22d April, the most likely alternatives seem to me 596 or 675. The text itself, where legible (upon the first of the fragments), treats of Christ's body before and after the Resurrection, quoting 1 *Corinthians* ii. 8, with an admonition against unorthodox distinctions between the two.

¹ On the means of circulating them *v.* the interesting covering letter, *Brit. Mus. Catal.*, no. 464. A letter of Cyril to Shenoute (*CSCO.*, 42, 225 A) speaks of a lector as entrusted with one for the bishops ; but he appears to be accredited to the great archimandrite likewise. Several fragments (titles etc.) of the Letters of Damianus (*ob.* 605) are to be read upon contemporary ostraca (*v.* my *Coptic Ostraca*, no. 18 n.).

² *Catal. of Coptic MSS.*, nos. 81-83.

³ Grenfell and Hunt, *Gk. Pap.* ii. 163 and C. Schmidt and W. Schubart, *Altchr. Texte* (Berlin, 1910), 55. As regards the title *πρωτοπρεσβύτερος*, which Schmidt takes to be that of the addressee of the Berlin Letter, two instances nearer in time to the date there assumed than those cited (p. 91), are found in the *Life of John the Almoner*, ed. Gelzer, p. 31, and in Hall, *op. cit.*, p. 47.

⁴ Cf. for especial resemblance *Brit. Mus. Catal.*, pl. 9, no. 951 = *The Coptic (Sahidic) Version* etc., ed. H. Thompson, frontispiece.

3. Apocrypha etc. Among these is probably the oldest MS. in this collection (44): part of a vellum leaf (*ca.* 15 × 12 cm. complete), showing very small, square uncials, much like the script of the fourth century Deuteronomy-Acts papyrus, published by Budge. Further, the text is in the primitive Achmîmic dialect, whereof so little has reached us, and it appears to be from a narrative relating to St. Paul. The phrases I had time to decipher are: (Recto ?) “ . . . *to-day. . . . But (ἀλλά) go now down to . . . and when (?) thou hast quitted that place, do thou go to Jerusalem*’. Now (δέ) *when Paul had heard this, he went to Damascus in great joy(?)*. And (δέ) *when he was entered in, he found them . . . -ing the fast (νηστεία) . . .*” (Verso ?) “ . . . *Lo (?)*, God will accept(?) *faith (?)*, for ye are . . . ye (have?) received it, it being (inherited) from your fathers; that (ὥστε) ye might not (?) remain therein as in an iniquitous city (πόλις), but (ἀλλά) . . . the great treasure without (?) . . .”

These passages do not occur in the *Acta Pauli*, so far as extant. Perhaps they will be traced to their source by some one more versed than I in apocryphal literature. Once more we have to note how works, popular in the early centuries of the Egyptian church, and those alone, have preserved to us the remnants of the oldest of Coptic idioms: before the later literature had grown familiar, the old dialect had disappeared from literary use.

A wooden tablet (11 × 44 cm.) bears yet another copy of the Letter of Christ to Abgar, the scribe of which signs himself: *νη νιω Παυλου απο Μεγαλοκτηματος του Εξωρυνθιτου πολιτου νομου*, meaning thereby that his home was at Oxyrhynchus.¹ Whether this, like the copies of more portable form, was intended as an amulet, may be doubted.

On a scrap of a paper MS. (15) we discern the names Paul and Dionysius, showing that the text concerns some form of the legend of the Areopagite, whereof the Library already possesses a Coptic specimen.²

Another popular story was that of Eudoxia, the imaginary sister of Constantine, and her visit to Jerusalem in search of the holy places.

¹ Distortions of the name, almost as strange as this, may be seen in the town and episcopal lists, Amélineau, *Géogr.* 561, 569, 573.

² *Catal.*, no. 89.

A fragmentary papyrus leaf (20) preserves a passage from it corresponding to one in the Turin text.¹

4. Legal Documents. The two largest are a further addition to the already voluminous eighth century cartulary from Jême (Medinet Habû).² One (23) is the lower half of a deed of sale (πρᾶσις), in the well-known hand of John, son of Lazarus. The other (36) is part of a similar deed, in a freely ligatured hand, much resembling that of that most popular of scribes, Aristophanes, son of John.³ But here the scribe's name, Theodore, is visible.

We have a specimen (30) of a class of document found usually upon ostraca and peculiar apparently to the seventh century.⁴ Each opens with the formula: "Lo, here is God's word to thee, NN." The writer, a magistrate or other official, generally promises the person addressed that he may return, dwell in his house and go about his business unmolested, adding "neither will I suffer thee to be wronged because that thou didst flee". In the instances which, like the present one include these last words,⁵ we have, I think, to see the official promises or safe-conducts issued to villagers who had previously absconded, or were yet in hiding,⁶ to avoid taxation, conscription, or some other burden.

5. Letters. These, as usual in miscellaneous collections, form our largest class. I noticed eighteen, all fragmentary, which showed features of interest. They could not, however, be profitably described here: for that the texts themselves are indispensable.⁷ Several of them were bought at Luxor (24-29) and might have been unearthed in Western Thebes, for their script closely resembles a series of letters,

¹ F. Rossi, *I Papiri*, i, III, 36. One may suspect that the story of Theodosia, likewise Constantine's sister, found in Ethiopic (Zotenberg, *Catal.*, p. 64, no. 51), is the same as this one. The two names would look almost identical in roughly written Arabic.

² Over 120 deeds are collected in Crum-Steindorff, *Kopt. Rechtsurkunden*.

³ Cf. Revillout, *Actes*, pl. 15.

⁴ *V. my Ostraca*, no. 107 ff. A Greek text somewhat similar is no. 1032 in Brit. Mus. *Gk. Pap.*, iii.

⁵ Another is *Rylands Catal.*, no. 154. I had not recognized the force of the verb *pôt* when describing this MS. Berlin *Kopt. Urk.* i, no. 37 shows an abbot making these promises to a runaway monk.

⁶ E.g. *my Ostraca*, no. 113.

⁷ By Mr. Guppy's kind permission, I am including two or three of them in my forthcoming *Short Texts from Coptic Papyri* etc.

of about A.D. 600, known to have been found there. But the names *Apollo* (the addressee of two or three of this group) and *Anoup*, point to middle, rather than to southern Egypt. Incidental names in other letters, such as *Akoui*, *Naferho*, likewise recall middle Egypt; as does one of the only two place-names which I noted, *Pohe*, found in another Rylands MS.¹ The other place, *Perwónesh*, is apparently unknown, but not without significance here. For, containing as it does the word "wolf," it perhaps points to the neighbourhood of Siût and so hints at a *provenance* for other reasons not improbable.

¹ *Catal.* no. 255. Also named on ostraca from Wadi Sarga, S. of Siût. Cf. ? *Peshgepohe*, Zoega 307, between Dêrut and Siût.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LOUVAIN.

REPORT OF PROGRESS, WITH LIST OF THE RECENT CONTRIBUTORS.

We are glad to be able to announce that the purpose which the Governors of the John Rylands Library had in view, in December, 1914, when the present scheme was inaugurated, has been abundantly realized, and it may not be out of place again briefly to recall the circumstances which led up to this undertaking, and also those which have contributed to its success.

The scheme grew out of a desire on the part of the Governors to give some practical expression to their deep feelings of sympathy with the authorities of the University of Louvain in the grievous loss which they had sustained, some four months earlier, through the wanton burning of their famous library by the Germans. This, they felt, could be best accomplished by means of a gift of books to form the nucleus of a new library to replace the splendid collection of manuscripts and printed books involved in that senseless act.

The offer of the gift was made to one of the members of the exiled staff of Louvain professors, and was gratefully acknowledged by him, on behalf of the University authorities, as the first contribution which had been effectually made to the future library of Louvain.

At that time Belgium was in the occupation of the Germans, so the Governors undertook to house their gift until such time as the country had been freed from the presence of the invaders, and the University had been repatriated.

Having given this undertaking it occurred to them that there must be many other libraries and learned institutions, as well as private individuals, who would welcome the opportunity of sharing in such an expression of sympathy, and with a view of inviting their co-operation, an announcement was made in the subsequent issue of this BULLETIN of our willingness to be responsible for the custody of any suitable works which might be entrusted to us for the purpose. We also announced

our intention of preparing a register of the various contributors with an exact description of their gifts, for presentation with the books when the appropriate time should arrive, to serve as a permanent record of this united effort to repair some of the damage which had been wrought by the war.

Our appeal met with an immediate and generous response, which has continued unabated throughout the five years that have elapsed since it was first made public. One of the most gratifying features of the response has been that all classes of the community, not only in this country but in many parts of the English-speaking world, as well as in several of the allied and neutral countries, have participated in it. Many of the gifts partake of the sanctity of a sacrifice, since they consist of treasured possessions which had been acquired by struggling students through the exercise of economy and self-denial.

A new impulse was given to the movement in the early part of 1916, through the action of the British Academy in calling together representatives of the principal libraries and learned societies of the United Kingdom, under the presidency of Viscount Bryce, to consider the advisability of co-operating in the work of restoring the University of Louvain and its Library. This meeting resulted in the formation of a National Committee, and in the appointment of a small Executive, consisting of the following members : Lord Muir Mackenzie, G.C.B., K.C. ; Sir J. P. Mahaffy, G.B.E., C.V.O. ; Sir F. G. Kenyon, K.C.B. ; Sir A. T. Davies, K.B.E., C.B. ; Sir A. Hopkinson, K.C. ; Edmund Gosse, Esq., C.B. ; Hugh Butler, Esq., Librarian of the House of Lords ; Sir I. Gollancz, Secretary to the British Academy ; Henry Guppy, Esq., Librarian of the John Rylands Library ; Dr. M. R. James, Provost of Eton ; C. G. Kekewich, Esq. ; Dr. J. W. Mackail ; Bodley's Librarian ; Sir Norman Moore ; Dr. A. E. Shipley, F.R.S., Master of Christ's College, Cambridge ; H. R. Tedder, Esq. ; and Dr. C. T. Hagberg Wright ; with Lord Muir Mackenzie as Chairman, and the Librarian of the House of Lords as Honorary Secretary, to consider the best way of organizing the movement effectively, and to take whatever steps were considered necessary.

The first meeting of the Executive was held in the Library of the House of Lords, by permission of their Lordships, who gladly showed their sympathy with the movement by allowing this Committee to use their House for its meetings, and as its base of operations generally,

when it was decided to co-operate with the Governors of the John Rylands Library in the development of the scheme which they had already inaugurated, and as a result of the personal appeals made by Lord Muir Mackenzie, Sir Alfred Hopkinson, and other members of the Committee, who since its formation have taken an active part in furthering the objects of the scheme, success has been achieved.

As evidence of this success it needs only to be stated that since January last we have had the pleasure of transferring to Louvain nearly 400 cases, containing no fewer than 30,427 volumes, forming the major part of the splendid collection of books which has been gradually accumulated here in Manchester as the outcome of these combined efforts. The discrepancy between these figures and those given in the paragraph under "Notes and News" may be explained by the fact that a further consignment of nearly 5000 volumes has been dispatched to Louvain since that note was written. Even this does not complete the record, for yet another consignment is in active preparation for shipment, whilst fresh contributions and offers of assistance are still almost daily reaching us.

Further evidence of this unflagging interest in our project is to be found in the accompanying list of contributors, representing gifts to the extent of nearly 10,000 volumes which have reached us since the publication of our previous report, in December last.

Amongst the more recent gifts, which have come to hand since the accompanying list was drawn up, mention may be made of a valuable collection of general literature, consisting of 1200 volumes, from the University of Toronto, and of another collection of great interest contributed by Mr. Humphry Ward, in memory of his wife, the late Mrs. Humphry Ward, who in her younger days, some forty years ago, was a diligent student of early Spanish literature and history, and contributed most of the Spanish and West-Gothic biographies to Smith & Wace's "Dictionary of Christian Biography". To do this Mrs. Humphry Ward formed a small library of old Spanish books, and these, when our scheme was first made public, she said she would like to give to Louvain, as the old connection between Spain and Flanders had been so close. The collection includes many of the standard historians, such as Florez, Mariana, Nicolas Antonio, and Los Rios, amongst other interesting works, and thus forms a most welcome addition to the new library, not only on account of their intrinsic worth,

but by reason of their personal association with one whose works take rank amongst the classics of our literature.

In one of our earlier appeals for help we explained that whilst keeping in view the general character of the library which we had in contemplation, we were at the same time anxious that it should be thoroughly representative of English scholarship, in other words, that its equipment should include the necessary materials for research on the history, language, and literature of this country, together with the contributions which British scholars have made to other departments of learning. The attainment of that object has been made possible by the ready and generous co-operation of many of the learned societies, universities, university presses, and by a number of the leading publishers, to whom we take this opportunity of renewing our thanks.

In this connection it may be permissible to quote a few sentences from a letter received from Prof. A. van Hoonacker, who, writing under date of the 3rd April last, refers to the character of our contribution in the following terms :—

“ . . . The restoration of our library is progressing splendidly, and it is a very gratifying thing to acknowledge for us, the most valuable contributions, by far, are those of our English friends. Our debt of gratitude towards the Rylands Library is very great indeed and can never be forgotten. Our library will be a historical monument in a special way : it is going to be for its best part an English library ! ”

With a view of enabling readers to form some idea of the deep feelings of gratitude and appreciation which our united action has evoked, we venture to reproduce several passages from letters received from the Rector of the University, Monsignor P. Ladeuze. Writing on the 30th January, soon after the receipt of our first consignment of books, Monsignor Ladeuze expresses himself, on behalf of the University, in the following significant terms :—

“ . . . Les résultats que vous avez obtenus sont merveilleux. Vous avez atteint votre but. Grâce à vous nos professeurs et nos étudiants ont encore une bibliothèque, et une bibliothèque utilisable, longtemps avant que les Allemands aient réparé leur crime. Par la richesse de son contenu, par les soins qui ont été donnés aux livres, par la peine que vous avez prise de dresser un catalogue soigné et une bonne partie des fiches, votre premier envoi de livres dépasse de loin tous ceux que nous avons reçus jusqu'ici. La joie de nos professeurs devant ces beaux

livres faisait plaisir ; j'aurai voulu que vous en fussiez témoin. Et voici qu'un nouvel envoi nous parvient, encore plus précieux que le premier ! Les listes que j'ai reçues me permettent d'en apprécier toute l'importance, et en particulier l'utilité que nous pourrions en retirer tout de suite pour nos études. Du plus profond de mon cœur, je vous dis mon meilleur merci."

Again, under date of the 23rd February, upon receipt of the detailed lists of the contents of the cases forming the third consignment, Monsignor Ladeuze writes :—

" . . . Ce nouvel envoi va être réellement d'une grande utilité pour nos professeurs et nos étudiants. La liste du contenu de chaque caisse, que je reçois en même temps que votre lettre, me le prouve surabondamment, et je vous demande la permission de ne pas chercher de formules pour vous exprimer à nouveau notre vive gratitude . . . 16,390 volumes, choisis, bien ordonnés, en excellent état ! C'est déjà toute une bibliothèque, et une bibliothèque universitaire ! Et vous voulez bien me dire que ce n'est par fini, qu'au contraire le nombre des dons s'accroît tous les jours ! Encore une fois, sans formules, merci de tout mon cœur ! "

Again, under date of the 22nd May :—

" Je ne sais plus à quelles formules recourir pour vous dire mon admiration et ma gratitude.

" Il y a quelques jours, je parlais à M. le Professeur Van der Essen de vos envois. Et il me répondit : ' J'ai vu les débuts de la collection pendant la guerre ; ils étaient déjà magnifiques. Mais je n'aurais pas pu soupçonner alors les développements que cette collection allait prendre. . . . ' Ces paroles se rapportaient aux quatre premiers envois. Le cinquième va encore considérablement augmenter ces richesses, comme je puis en juger par les indications que vous voulez bien me donner, en m'annonçant son arrivée.

" . . . Soyez encore remercié 26,336 fois pour les 26,336 volumes, tous de choix, que nous vous devons !

" Les volumes de quatre envois précédents sont déjà à la disposition de nos lecteurs, et se trouvent bien établis sur les rayons de notre bibliothèque provisoire.

" Il est bien regrettable qu'il ne soit pas encore possible de commencer à construire notre nouvelle bibliothèque."

Yet again, under date of the 23rd July :—

“ . . . Au moment où je reçois votre lettre et le catalogue de votre nouvel envoi, je suis sur le point de m'absenter pour plusieurs jours. Je veux cependant vous envoyer tout de suite une rapide mais très sincère expression de ma vive gratitude. Ce m'est un grand plaisir de faire connaître à tous ceux qui visitent notre Bibliothèque provisoire l'importance extraordinaire de votre collaboration à l'oeuvre de la restauration de notre dépôt. Nous voici 30,427 fois obligés envers vous ! Et combien ce nouvel envoi nous sera précieux, la brève description que vous m'en donnez, le montre éloquemment. La semaine prochaine aura lieu la grande réunion annuelle de notre conseil d'administration, présidée par le Cardinal Mercier. Je me ferai un devoir de lui exposer tout ce que nous vous devons.”

Monsieur L. Stainier, Administrateur de la Bibliothèque Royale, Brussels, who has undertaken the direction of the restoration of the Louvain Library, and consequently has had the handling and direction of our consignments, when acknowledging their safe arrival employs the same emphatic terms of appreciation.

On the 6th April he writes as follows :—

“ Your letter of the 1st April reached us at the time the Easter bells were chiming in happy remembrance of the Saviour's Resurrection, and I could not refrain from associating their chimes with the joy of the resurrection of our library. . . .

“ The first three consignments have caused the greatest satisfaction among the professors, but I think they will feel no less happy when the fourth consignment is ready for consultation. Such interesting and useful sets as the publications of the Early English Text Society, the Gibb Memorial Fund, The Royal Asiatic Society, the Gwatkin collection, etc., will enable our masters and students to resume their work anew.”

On the 3rd May :—

“ . . . Above all we congratulate you upon the system of transmission you have instituted ; the rapidity and smoothness of which is marvellous ; and we are now considering the application of the system to the recuperation in Germany, the beginning of which is now in view.”

On the 31st May, thus :—

“ . . . Once more I am able to report the safe arrival of your latest consignment of sixty-three cases of books . . . no, of treasures !

“ Positively such collections as the texts of the Manchester University

Press and of the Clarendon Press at Oxford would be considered among the most useful collections already shelved in our stores, and I do not doubt of the satisfaction of masters and students when they are enabled to know the Mayhew and Jenner collections, and peruse the books gathered by such workers.

"In the case of the publications of the Folk Lore Society we had to open the cases in which they were contained in order to satisfy the impatient professor who had been waiting its coming since early morning.

"The 'Agrippa's Works' (a volume which at one time belonged to the Louvain Library) was received as a Prodigal Son reintegrating his parents' home."

We cannot conclude this report without acknowledging our indebtedness for the great service which has been rendered by the Cork Steamship Company, Limited, for whom Messrs. J. T. Fletcher & Company of Manchester act as agents, in so generously undertaking the entire responsibility of the transportation of the new library to Louvain. Nearly four hundred cases have been collected in Manchester and shipped to Louvain, free of cost—a most liberal contribution towards our scheme of restoration. We have also to thank Mr. Jebson, the representative of Messrs. Fletcher, for the great interest he has taken in the matter, and for the advice and help which he has so readily given in making the necessary arrangements for shipment.

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(The figures in Brackets represent the number of Volumes.)

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